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LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER IV: A STORY OF THE GREAT MUTINY.

MOFUSSILPORE, Feb. 17.

DEAR SIMKINS,—Before leaving Patna I ran over to Arrah, and spent an evening and morning in visiting the scene of the most complete episode of the great troubles. The collector entertained me very hospitably, and I passed the night in "The House" in a more unbroken repose than others of my countrymen have enjoyed in the same room. I was rather ashamed of having slept so well. Would a Spartan have slumbered soundly on the tomb of the Three Hundred?—or a Roman, think you, beneath what Niebuhr does not believe to be the sepulchre of the Horatii, with no thought "on those strong limbs" which, according to that acute and able scholar, do not "moulder deep below"? For Arrah is emphatically the Thermopylae of our race—hallowed, no less than those world-famed straits, by superhuman courage and by memorable disaster.

All the associations there are concentrated within a small well-defined locality, which vastly increases the emotion that they excite. It is this, even more than the importance of the conflict, which draws so many tourists to Hougomont. There is the farm-yard gate which the assailants forced open, and which four English officers and a sergeant shut in their faces by dint of hard shoving. There is the chapel half consumed by fire, and the crucifix with charred feet, and the loop-holed brick wall which the French were said to

have mistaken for a line of red-coats. Who—who, at least, with the exception of Sir Archibald Alison—cares to inspect the boundless flat expanse round Leipsic, where, for three autumn days, four hundred thousand combatants disputed the fate of Europe over a space of a hundred square miles? The interest of a battle does not depend on the number of squadrons and battalions engaged, nor on the extent of territory for which they contend, nor on the rank and power of the leaders, nor on the amount of the butcher's bill at the end of the day. We look to the character and worth of the individual actors, not to the breadth of the stage-front and the multitude of supernumeraries. Naseby and Sedgemoor are to Borodino and Wagram what Fechter's Hamlet is to a play got up by Charles Kean, in whose eyes the main point of "Henry the Fifth" is the triumphal entry into the City, and the most important incident in "A Winter's Tale" a Pyrrhic dance which has no existence in the original. History takes small account of the millions of Assyrians, Egyptians, Medes, Huns, and Tartars who have been driven as sheep to the slaughter to realize the *idée* of a despot, or have perished in obscure barbaric forays. But she will not soon forget those hundred and ninety-two citizens who, on the plain of Marathon, cheerfully laid down their lives for the city of the Violet Crown; those simple Dutchmen who died amidst the slush of their beloved dykes in many an amphi-

bious struggle against Spanish tyranny and orthodoxy; those chivalrous mountaineers who flung themselves on the bayonets at Culloden in a cause which appealed to everything most romantic and irrational in our nature. To my mind there is no military operation on record which comes up to the retreat of Socrates from the defeat of the Athenian army at Delium. A sturdy, clumsy-built, common-looking man, with bare feet, walking off at a brisk, steady pace, spear on shoulder, turning up his snub-nose, and looking askance at the mingled mass of fugitives and pursuers which swept by on either side, engaged all the while in a discussion on the principle of evil with a fellow-citizen, who submitted to be bored for the sake of the protection of so intrepid a veteran. Then up rides Alcibiades, the ladies' pet, the darling of the popular assembly, covered with dust and blood, and without his helmet, and cries, "Cheer up, Socrates; for I will see you safe home." A needless promise, because, in his own words, "the bearing of the man made it pretty plain to all, far and near, that whoever meddled with him would have reason to repent it."

Arrah lies twelve miles from the Ganges, between Patna and Buxar, which are both on the same river. To the eastward the Sone, which is in April a streak of water creeping through a wide desert of sand, and in July a torrent a mile broad and thirty feet deep, flows into the main stream at a distance of four leagues from Arrah and about five from Dinapore, which, as you doubtless remember, is the military station of Patna. The compounds of the European houses at Arrah are very extensive; and the most extensive of all is that in which stands the residence of the collector. It is, as far as I can judge from recollection, four hundred yards long by three hundred broad. It is bounded in most parts by a crumbling ditch and the remains of a hedge of prickly pear. The collector's house is large and commodious, with spacious, very lofty rooms, one-storied, like all dwellings in the Mofussil, but with the

floor raised several feet above the level of the ground. On one side of the house is a portico, exactly forty yards from which stands a small whitewashed building, the basement of which consists of cellars, with open arches some four or five feet in height. A staircase in the interior leads to a single room, surrounded on three sides by a verandah. The dead wall faces the collector's garden, which is thirty or forty yards off. It was formerly a billiard-room, and is now used for the accommodation of visitors when the great bungalow happens to be full. The house-top is reached by a ladder, and is surrounded by a parapet; but it is entirely commanded by the roof of the neighbouring building, from which the porch stands out like a bastion.

In the summer of 1857 there were stationed at Dinapore three regiments of native infantry—a force of at least twenty-five hundred bayonets. The composition of this brigade was such as to give grave cause for alarm. The men were all drawn from the notorious turbulent district of Shahabad, of which Arrah is the official capital, and were united by the bond of an undefined allegiance to Coer Sing, who was recognised as chieftain by the Rajpoots, or soldier caste, of that region. There is a strong family feeling in the native mind. Your head-servant fills your house with young barbarians from his own village, whom he brings up to Calcutta to try their luck in service. As soon as a Government *employé* is in receipt of a good income, relations and connexions pour in from all parts of India, and claim to live at his expense. In the same manner the old sepoys introduced into their company sons, nephews, and younger brothers; while any recruit who did not belong to the tribe was made almost as uncomfortable as a cockney in a crack Light Cavalry mess, and soon found it expedient to ask leave to change his quarters. The result was that the regiment had a tendency to turn into a clan, the members of which regarded each other with attachment and confidence, and carried out their

common resolves with singular unanimity and secrecy.

The state of things at Dinapore excited profound uneasiness. For weeks previous to the catastrophe, letters appeared in the Calcutta daily papers urging the authorities to take measures to prevent an outbreak, which was regarded as now imminent. Unhappily, the brigadier in command at the station was one of that class known at the Horse-Guards as experienced officers of long standing in the service. It is our misfortune that the commencement of every war finds our choicest troops and our most precious strongholds at the disposal of men who won their first laurels at Salamanca or Quatre Bras, and who should have been content to have closed their career at Sobraon. It is a fact of serious import that the introduction of the rifle, the greatest military revolution of this century, was sulkily, peevishly, hysterically opposed by the majority of those who, in the event of a war, would have been at the head of our armies. The veterans of the Senior United Service Club might have sung, if their feelings had allowed them—

“Believe me, if that most endearing old arm,
Which we miss with so fondly to-day,
Which never did Afghan or Sikh any harm,
Was to shoot straight for once in a way,
It should still be the weapon for Guardsmen
and Line,
Let the windage increase as it will;
And we'd think the performance sufficiently
fine,
If one ball in five hundred should kill.”

Such a chief, to the cost of humanity, was in charge of Meerut on that day of evil omen, the first of many such, when the troopers of the Third Light Cavalry, having shot down their officers and burnt their barracks, galloped off unmolested to cut the throats of the English in Delhi. Such a chief was *not* in charge of Barrackpore at the crisis when foresight, calmness, and judicious severity broke up a battalion of murderous scoundrels, and saved the capital of India from the fate of Cawnpore. Hearsey at Meerut, Neill at Dinapore, and Outram at Allahabad, might have saved much of the good

blood that was spilled, and much of the bad blood that remains.

Throughout July the insolence of the sepoys in the Dinapore cantonments, and the terror and discomfort of the European residents, waxed greater daily. At length the symptoms of sedition grew so unmistakable as to attract the notice of General Lloyd himself. Accordingly, on the morning of the 25th he issued an order, enjoining the sepoys to return their percussion caps at four o'clock that afternoon. This gave them just nine hours to pack up their clothes, ammunition, and wives, cook their rice and get a wash, and march out of the station at their ease in the direction of the Sone. When they had gone a mile or two on their way, a few round shots were sent after them as a parting compliment, and then the General had plenty of leisure to sit down, and reflect on the probable result of his masterly combinations.

Meanwhile the little community at Arrah did not regard with indifference the prospect of an event which caused so much apprehension at Calcutta. Those long July days could hardly have been to them a period of secure enjoyment. It was much if they could put force on themselves to get through their ordinary business. The women and children were sent to what, in those awful times, was considered a place of comparative security. Whatever might chance, at any rate, when the peril did come, the men should have to make provision for nothing that could be dearer than honour and duty. At that time the portion of the East Indian Railway in the neighbourhood was in course of construction—the embankment having been already thrown up, though the bridges were not yet completed. Mr. Boyle, the executive engineer of the company, resident at the station, happened to have a natural turn for fortification, which he subsequently had ample opportunity to gratify. This gentleman took it into his head to put the collector's outhouse in a state for defence, thinking that it might come in useful on an emergency. From time to time he

sent in some bricks and mortar, and a few odd coolies, and devoted a spare hour or two to superintend the work. The arches of the cellars were solidly built up, and a thin curtain of brick-work erected between each pillar in the verandah on the first floor, with a judicious arrangement of loopholes.

On Saturday the 25th of July, Mr. Wake, the collector, received an express from Dinapore, bidding him be on his guard, for that something was in the air. There followed a night of suspense, which was changed into terrible certainty by the arrival of a mounted patrol, who came in with the information that a strong force of sepoy had crossed the Sone, and that large numbers were still crossing. Then it became too evident that "some one had blundered." The moment had come when a resolution must be taken—hurried, but irrevocable. A few hours more, and the enemy would be upon them; the country-people in arms, the roads impassable, and the bridges broken up for thirty miles round. While their communications were still open, should they retreat on Buxar, and wait there till they could be brought back to their posts by the returning tide of European re-conquest? It was too late to avert the destruction of their property; too late to keep the town to its allegiance, and save the treasure and the public records. There was nothing which they could stow behind their slender defences—save the empty name of British rule. Was it worth while to run so frightful a risk for a shadow? Why, for an advantage so doubtful, expose their dear ones to anxiety worse than death—to bereavement and desertion at such a time and in such a plight? On the other hand, should they skulk off like outlaws through the province which had been entrusted to their care—where, but yesterday, their will was law—leaving the district ready to receive the rebels with open arms, and afford them a firm foothold on the South of the Ganges—another Oudh, whence they might securely direct their future efforts against our power, which already tot-

tered to the fall? If the rest of Shahabad must go, the authority of old England and of John Company—the most generous of masters—should be upheld at least within the walls of one billiard-room, which was to witness such a game as never did billiard-room yet; a game at hopeless odds, amateurs opposed to professionals, fairplay to knavery; a game where history stood by as marker, and where no starrng could recover a life once taken; a game which one losing hazard would undo, one cannon almost inevitably ruin; but which Wake and his fellows, as with clear eyes, brave hearts, and steady hands they awaited the opening stroke, were fully determined should not be a love game.

There was no time to be lost. Rice and flour sufficing for a few days' consumption, and what other provisions came first to hand, were quickly stored in the house. The supply of water, which could be collected on such short notice, was alarmingly scanty. And then they made haste to enter their ark, before the flood of sedition and anarchy should engulf everything around. The garrison consisted of Herwald Wake, the collector; young Colvin, and two other civilians; Boyle, the engineer, the Vauban of the siege; Mr. Hall, a civil surgeon; an official in the opium agency, and his assistant; a Government schoolmaster; two native public *employés*, and five other Europeans in various subordinate grades; forty-five privates, two naiks, two Havildars, and one Jemmadar—names which so painfully bewilder an English reader of the list of killed and wounded in the Gazette after an Indian victory—true Sikhs all, staunch as steel, and worthy to be the countrymen of the heroes of Chillianwallah. Six-and-sixty fighting men by tale, with no lack of pluck and powder, but very badly off for meat and drink.

On Monday morning the sepoy poured into the town, and marched straight to the Treasury, from which they took 85,000 rupees in cash. After this indispensable preliminary, they pro-

ceeded to carry out the next step in the programme usual on these occasions—the slaughter of every one connected with the Government. It was very thoughtful of the Sahibs to have collected in one place, so as to spare Jack Sepoy the trouble of hunting them down in detail. It was best, however, to do the job in style; so a strong detachment was formed in column, and marched into the compound with drums beating and colours flying. It would give the men a good appetite for their curry to knock the dozen or so of quill-drivers and railway people on the head in the hole where they had taken refuge; and, if those unlucky Punjabees could not see on which side their chupatties were buttered, why, it should be the worse for them! But through every loophole in the brickwork on the first-floor peered an angry Englishman, feeling at the trigger of his bone-crushing rifle, behind which he had stood the charge of many a tiger and buffalo—unless, indeed, he was one of the school of sportsmen who prefer a smooth-bore for anything under eighty yards; while in the cellars below, and beneath the breastwork on the roof lurked half a hundred warriors of that valiant sect whom no other native army could look in the face. Just as the leading ranks were passing a fine tree, which grows a stone-throw from the house, they received a volley which laid eighteen of their number dead on the spot. As this made it evident that the Sahibs intended to die game, the mutineers, who had come out for a bathe, and not on a storming-party, broke line, and dispersed behind the trees scattered about the compound, whence they kept up a desultory fire.

For long past Coer Sing had been watching the course of events with keen interest and a very definite purpose. This remarkable man came in for an abundant share of the abuse so indiscriminately dealt out to all who took part against us at that crisis. Every one who was engaged on the side of Nana Sahib and his cowardly ruffians experienced the proverbial lot of those

who “exist under the same beams as, and loose the frail pinnacle with,” evil-doers. Public opinion, as well as “the Father of the Day, has often to the incestuous man added the person of integrity.” Coer Sing was described in the contemporary journals as a “devil,” whose villainy could be accounted for only on the theory that he was not “of human flesh and blood.” The time for shrieking and scolding has now gone by, and we can afford to own that he was not a devil at all, but the high-souled chief of a warlike tribe, who had been reduced to a nonentity by the yoke of a foreign invader. “What am I good for under your dynasty?” was his constant complaint to European visitors. He had already reached an age which in England is supposed to incapacitate for any employment short of the premiership. He well remembered the time when Scindiah and Holkar were not mere puppets of the Government of Fort William; when the Mahratta still ruled at Poonah and Nagpore; when, what with Pindaree raids, and the long contest for the Helen of Odipore, and the extremely bellicose attitude of non-interference adopted by the Company, a dashing partizan leader, with a few thousand stout Rajpoots at his back, was good for a great deal in the estimation of Central India. He fretted, like the proud Highland chiefs, when reduced to insignificance by the severe and orderly sway of the Southron. Surely, a people whose favourite heroes are Lochiel and Rob Roy Macgregor may spare a little sympathy for the chieftain who, at eighty years old, bade fill up his brass lotah, saddle his elephants, and call out his men, inasmuch as it was up with the pугrees of Coer Sing; who inflicted on us a disaster most complete and tragical; who exacted from the unruly mutineers an obedience which they paid to none other; who led his force in person to Lucknow, and took a leading part in the struggle which decided the destinies of India; who, after no hope was left for the cause north of Ganges, did not lose heart,

but kept his men together during a long and arduous retreat in the face of a victorious enemy; and, as the closing act of his life, by a masterly manœuvre baffled his pursuers, and placed his troops in safety on their own side of the great river, when friend and foe alike believed their destruction to be inevitable. On that occasion a round-shot from an English gun smashed his arm, as he was directing the passage of the last boatfuls of his followers, contrary to the habit of Eastern generals, who ordinarily shun the post of danger. The old warrior, seeing that his last hour was come, is said to have cut off his shattered limb with the hand that remained to him, and to have died of the loss of blood which ensued. But his army had not lost the impress of his skill and energy. During several months they maintained themselves at Jugglespore, harassing with daily incursions the English garrison at Arrah, whose head-quarters were in a fortification laid out by the recently developed genius of Mr. Boyle; they repulsed with heavy loss a detachment sent to dislodge them; and finally laid down their arms under the general amnesty, after having defied our Government during more than a year of continuous fighting. Two facts may be deduced from the story of these operations: first, that the besiegers of the house at Arrah were neither cowards nor bunglers; and next, that it was uncommonly lucky for us that Coer Sing was not forty years younger.

Such, then, was the man who now claimed to take command of the levies of Shahabad by hereditary right. He brought with him a mighty following, and recruits poured in by hundreds and thousands daily. The sepoy veterans, who were living on pensions in their native villages, came forward to share the fortunes of their old regiments in greater numbers than in any other district. "That old fool, Coer Sing," was reported in the Calcutta papers to have held a review of eight thousand armed men, besides the three regular battalions. There was one cry throughout the pro-

vince—that now or never was the time to shake off the oppression of the stranger. When once they had put to the sword the Sahibs in the billiard-room, all would go well. But the Sahibs in question manifested a very decided disinclination to be put to the sword, so that it became necessary to put the sword to the Sahibs. The siege was pressed forward with vigour. Bullets rained on the defences night and day alike. The sepoys bawled out to our Sikhs that, if they would betray the Sahibs, they should receive a safe-conduct and five hundred rupees apiece. The Sikhs, in return, requested them to come nearer and repeat their liberal offers—a compliance with which invitation resulted in the unfortunate agents of Coer Sing finding that, when they approached within earshot, they were within musket-shot as well.

Meanwhile, the most painful solicitude, which was fast deepening into despair, prevailed at Dinapore and Calcutta, and wherever else the tidings of the great peril of our countrymen had penetrated. The first intelligence received at the capital was conveyed in a letter which appeared in the *Englishman*, dated the 27th of July, containing these words: "Mr. Boyle and the magistrate sent me a message to find a safe place. The Arrah people proposed to defend Mr. Boyle's fortification. If they have done so, I hope for the best, but dread the worst. What can a handful of Englishmen do with hundreds of lawless soldiers?" A correspondent writes on the 29th: "We have no news as to the English cooped up in Mr. Boyle's fortification, whether they are in existence or not." And again: "God knows what the fate of the unfortunate people at Arrah has been." Towards the middle of the week it was determined at Dinapore to make an effort to raise the siege. An expedition started, consisting of nearly three hundred and fifty men of the 37th Queen's regiment, sixty Sikhs, and some young civilians who volunteered to accompany the party. Unfortunately, Captain Dunbar, the officer appointed

to the command, was quite unfit for such a duty, his military experience having been gained in a paymaster's bureau. The force was put on board a steamer, and sent up the Ganges. It was the height of the rainy season, and much of the country was under water. Accordingly, on arriving nearly opposite Arrah, the troops left the steamer, and embarked in some large boats, in which they followed the course of a nullah, which brought them some miles nearer their point. By the time they were landed, evening had already closed in. The officers present, who knew something of night service, importuned their leader to bivouac on a bridge at some distance from Arrah, to give the soldiers their rum and biscuit, with a few hours' sleep, and then march in at daybreak. They urged on him the extreme danger of taking a small party of tired men in the dark through an unknown region swarming with foes who were thoroughly prepared for their reception. The answer was: "No. They expect us at Arrah, and I shall not think of halting till we get there." This was a reason which it was hard for Englishmen to gainsay. So the order was given to move on, and the men threw their firelocks over their shoulders, and set off on their march, the Sikhs forming the advance-guard. Almost incredible to relate, Captain Dunbar had not sufficient foresight to throw out flankers. It never seems to have occurred to him that a march at midnight through three miles of bazaar and mud-wall, grove and garden, to the relief of a place beleaguered by ten thousand armed men, had need to be conducted with any greater caution than a change of quarters from Calcutta to Dum Dum.

A short league from the Arrah Collectorate, on the right hand of a man travelling towards the town, stands a large Hindoo temple, in grounds of its own. Just before reaching this point, the way, which has hitherto passed through open fields of rice and poppy, runs for some three hundred yards between belts of trees about fifty feet in width. The road lies along an embank-

ment, raised considerably above the level of the surrounding country. The Sikhs had already passed, and the straggling array of English soldiers were plodding along the defile, half asleep, with weary legs and empty stomachs, when the darkness of the grove on either side was lit up as by magic, and a crashing fire poured into their ranks. Exposed on the top of the causeway, their bodies standing out against what dim starlight there was, they afforded an easy mark to their invisible enemies who swarmed in the gloom below. During the first minutes many were struck down, and at that short range there were few rounds which did not bring death. Then by a sort of instinct, the men deserted the road, and collected in groups wherever they could find cover. One large party took refuge in a dry tank, beneath the banks of which they loaded and discharged their pieces at random, as long as their ammunition lasted; while the flashes of their musketry enabled the sepoys to direct their aim with deadly accuracy. Another party occupied the temple, and throughout the night there went on constant skirmishing round the walls and in the inclosure of the garden. If the soldiers had been got together in one place, and made to lie down quietly in their ranks till morning, they were still quite strong enough to perform the service on which they had been despatched. In spite of their heavy losses, they were quite as numerous as the force which eventually succeeded in relieving Arrah. But there was no one there of the temper of Nicholson or Hodson, no one who at such a moment dared to step forward and usurp authority in the name of the common safety. Split up into small sections, without orders from their superiors; ignorant alike of the fate of their comrades, the nature of the surrounding localities, and the numbers and position of their assailants; wasting their strength and powder in objectless firing, than which is nothing more sure to demoralise troops under any circumstances—in such plight our countrymen awaited the dawn of day.

Then, after a short consultation, the

officers who survived got the men into some sort of order, and commenced a retreat upon the boats. But by this time, the enemy, flushed with success, and increasing every minute in strength, redoubled their efforts to complete the ruin of our force. In front, in rear, on either flank hung clouds of sepoys, who kept up a withering discharge on the thin line of dispirited exhausted Englishmen. At first our soldiers replied as best they could; but soon every one began to think of providing for his own safety. Our fire slackened, ceased, the pace quickened, the ranks became unsteady, and finally the whole array broke and fled for dear life along the road in the direction of the nullah.

Then came the scenes which have ever marked the rout of a company of civilized men by barbarian foes. Some of the fugitives were shot down as they ran. Others, disabled by wounds or fatigue, were overtaken and slain. Others again, who sought preservation by leaving the line of flight, were mobbed and knocked on the head by the peasants of the neighbouring villages. More than one unfortunate European, who, after having been pursued for miles, took to the water like a tired stag, was beaten to death with bludgeons from the brink of the pond in which he had taken refuge. All who remained on the ground in the vicinity of the temple, whether dead or alive, were hung on the trees which fringed the road. The Sikhs that day proved that they were still animated by the same spirit which had formerly extorted the respect of their conquerors in many a fierce and dubious battle in the open field. Setting shoulder to shoulder, they fought their way to the boats in unbroken order, and found that in such a strait the most honourable course is likewise the safest. Ross Mangles, a young civilian, whose father was chairman of the court of directors during that trying year, bore himself gallantly amidst the universal panic. He had joined the expedition purely out of love for Herwald Wake, and in the surprise of the proceeding evening had been stunned by a bullet-

wound on the forehead. His commanding appearance and cheery air now won the confidence of those immediately round him, and he succeeded in keeping together a small knot of men, who supplied him with a succession of loaded rifles. As he was a noted shikaree, a dead hand at bear and antelope, the sepoys thought proper to keep their distance. Meantime he carried a wounded Sikh on his back for six miles, laying him down tenderly from time to time when the enemy came too close to be pleasant. With threescore fellows of his own kidney at his side, Ross would have shaken his friend by the hand before night closed in, though Coer Sing stood in the way with all the mutineers in Bahar. The men of his term at Haileybury will long point with pride to the V. C. that follows his name in the list of the Bengal Civil Service.

On reaching the banks of the nullah, the soldiers who had now lost presence of mind, self-respect, subordination, every thing but the unbridled desire for safety, flung themselves into the water, and swam and waded to the boats, into which they crowded with all the unseemly hurry of an overpowering terror. As they struggled with the current, floundered in the mud, and scrambled over the gunwales, the sepoys plied them with shot at pistol-range, directing their especial attention to a barge which was prevented from effecting its escape by a rope twisted round the rudder. The men inside crouched at the bottom of the boat, not daring to show their heads above the bulwarks as a mark for a hundred muskets. Nothing could have averted the capture and destruction of the whole party, had not a young volunteer, Macdonell by name, climbed out over the stern and unfastened the rope amidst a hail of bullets, an action which gave another Victoria Cross to the Civil Service.

And now all was over; and the survivors, bringing home nothing but their bare lives, returned in mournful guise, full of sad forebodings about the brave men whom they were forced to abandon to their fate. The people at Dinapore,

when the steamer came in sight, as they strained their eyes to catch some indication of the result of the expedition, saw the deck covered with prostrate forms; and the dejection expressed by the air and attitude of those on board convinced them at once that all was not well. Of four hundred men who went forth, only half returned. The others were lying, stripped and mangled, along those two fatal leagues of road. Captain Dunbar, in the Pagan phrase ordinarily used on such occasions, atoned for his obstinacy with his life. When the news of this reverse reached Calcutta, there were none so sanguine as to retain any hope of deliverance for the little garrison at Arrah.

The opinion which prevailed in Calcutta certainly coincided with that of Coer Sing and his army. Throughout the night none of the defenders of the house had slept. They listened with sickening anxiety to the noise of the firing, now beguiling themselves into the idea that it was drawing nearer; now desponding as it remained ever stationary; and again comforting each other with the theory that their countrymen had taken up a strong position in the suburbs, and would advance to their relief at break of day. Alas! they little knew what that day would bring forth. But, when morning came, and the reports of the musketry grew fainter and fainter, till they died away in the distance, their hearts sank within them. They were not long left in suspense; for the besiegers had no intention of keeping such good news to themselves, and they were speedily informed that the force from Dinapore had been cut to pieces, and that their last hope was gone. Yet not the last—for they still had the hope of dying sword in hand, instead of being tamely murdered like all who had hitherto put trust in the word of their treacherous and unforgiving Eastern foe. That foe now offered the whole party their lives, if they would give up Wake and Syed Azmoodeen Khan, the deputy-collector, a native for whom the Sahib of Sahibs, Lord William Bentinck, had entertained a great regard. This proposal having been rejected, nothing

more was said about conditions of surrender, and both sides applied themselves to the serious business of the siege.

The enemy had fished out from some corner two cannon—a four-pounder, and a two-pounder—the smaller of which they placed at the angle of the bungalow facing the little house, while they hoisted the larger on to the roof. They adopted the plan of loading the gun behind the parapet, and then running it on to the top of the portico, and wheeling out an arm-chair fitted with a shot-proof screen of boards, on which sat a man who aimed and discharged the piece. It was then drawn back with ropes to be spunged out and re-charged. This method of working artillery would perhaps be considered somewhat primitive at Shoburness or Woolwich; but, when employed against a billiard-room at a range of forty yards, the result might justly be described as a *feu d'enfer*. For some time the besieged fully expected that their walls would come tumbling down about their ears; but they soon took heart of grace, and set themselves manfully to repair the damage caused by breaching-battery No. 1. Fortunately the store of cannon-balls was soon exhausted. The enemy eked it out by firing away the castors of Mr. Wake's piano, of which the supply, however, was necessarily limited. Meanwhile, the sepoy had lined the garden wall, which at that time ran within twenty yards of the rear of the house. From this position their picked marksmen directed their shots at the loopholes, while from the trees around, from the ditch of the compound, from the doors and windows of the bungalow, an incessant fire was maintained throughout the twenty-four hours. If Mr. Boyle's fortification, like Jericho, could have been brought to the ground by noise, it would certainly not have stood long. The mutineers, in imitation of the besiegers of Mansoul, in Bunyan's "Holy War," seemed determined to try all the senses round, and to enter at Nose-gate if they were repulsed at Ear-gate. Poor Mr. Wake, who provided the material both for the attack and the

defence, had placed his horses in an inclosure under the walls of the out-house. These were now shot by the sepoys; and the Indian sun speedily produced effects which gave more annoyance to the garrison than the cannonade from the porch. But the contents of every knacker's cart in London might have been shot out under the verandah, without weakening the determination to resist to the last. Some ingenious natives set fire to a large heap of the raw material of red pepper on the windward quarter, with the view of smoking out the Sahibs. But a lot of genuine Qui-hyes, with their palates case-hardened by many pungent curries, were not likely to be frightened at a bonfire of chilies. Since the first day, the mutineers fought shy of any attempt to carry the place by storm, and not without reason. For, as a reserve to their trusty rifles, each Sahib had his fowling-piece, with a charge of number four shot for close quarters, lying snugly in the left-hand barrel. Then they had hog-spears, and knew how to use them. The charge of a forty-inch boar, rising well in his spring, was at least as formidable as the rush of a sepoy. They had revolvers, too, with a life in every chamber, the weapon that is the very type of armed civilization. On the whole, the besiegers were not far wrong in regarding an attack by open force as a resource to be adopted only when all other devices had failed.

Meanwhile the temper of the people inside was as true as the metal of their gun-locks. Englishmen are always inclined to look at the bright side of things, as long as there is a bright side at which to look; and the English spirit was well represented there. Young Colvin was especially cheerful himself, and the cause that cheerfulness was in other men. The whole party accommodated their habits to their circumstances with great good humour. The Sikhs occupied the cellarage. The Sahibs lived and slept in the single room on the first floor, and took their meals, sitting on the stairs above and below the landing-place, on which the cloth was laid. On the wall above the hearth, Wake

wrote a journal of the events of each day, in full expectation that no other record would be left of what had taken place within those devoted walls. One morning the Jemadar reported that the water with which his men had provided themselves had all been drunk out. The Europeans offered to supply them out of their own store, but one Sikh obstinately refused to touch the same water as the Sahibs. He stoutly affirmed that he had rather die of thirst than give in to such a scandalous piece of latitudinarianism. It was not a time to disregard the whims and prejudices of any one of the gallant fellows, whom neither fear nor lucre could tempt to be false to their salt. So Natives and English together set to work to dig a well in one of the vaults, and within twelve hours they had thrown out eighteen feet of earth by four, a depth at which they found abundance of water. At the end of the week close observation convinced them that the sepoys were engaged in running a mine towards the back of the house. This justly gave them greater alarm than any other machination of the enemy. But necessity is the mother of countermines; and these amateur sappers soon made themselves as secure against the new peril that threatened them as their scanty means would admit.

And so they staved off destruction another day, and yet another. But a far more terrible foe than Coer Sing now broke ground before the defences. The house had been provisioned for a week, and a week had already passed. Neither rifle, nor spear, nor British courage, nor Native fidelity, would avail aught, when the rice and the flour had all been eaten. At Arrah, as at other Indian stations, where the residents know good meat from indifferent, there was an institution called a mutton-club, the sheep belonging to which were feeding about the compound under the hungry eyes of their owners. But no one could show himself for a second outside the walls and live. It might be a hundred, it might be a hundred and fifty hours (for who could say beforehand how long human pluck and patience, when put to the

test, could endure the last extreme of privation?), but the dread moment was steadily drawing on, when death must come by famine or by the bullets of the enemy. In no direction could they discern a gleam of light. The only force that was near enough and strong enough to march to the rescue had been routed and disorganized. The English troops at Buxar were a mere handful, not numerous enough to guarantee the safety of the station. The days of miracles had gone by, and it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could deliver them. Unless it should come to pass that the angel of the Lord should go forth by night and smite the camp of the besiegers, they felt that this world, with its joys and troubles, would be all over for them ere but a few suns had set.

The English troops at Buxar certainly were a mere handful. But there was a man there who was neither a novice nor a pedant, neither a young soldier nor an old woman. Wherever hard knocks had been going within the last twenty years—and during that period there was no lack—Vincent Eyre had generally managed to come in for a liberal allowance. In the Afghan war, the roughest of schools, he had learnt to preserve an equal mind in arduous circumstances. When the intelligence of the outbreak, travelling with the proverbial speed of bad news, reached the station of Buxar, Eyre at once made up his mind to march, without waiting to hear whether an expedition had started from Dinapore. Perhaps he was unwilling to leave the fate of the garrison entirely dependent on the energy and promptness of General Lloyd. Perhaps he thought that a good thing like the relief of Arrah would bear doing twice over. His force consisted of a hundred and fifty and four English bayonets, twelve mounted volunteers, and three field-pieces, with their complement of artillerymen. The distance to be traversed was fifty miles as the crow flies; and, as the waters were out over the face of the country, and the population was in a state of open hostility, the march proved long and formidable. On the way, Eyre received tidings

of the reverse sustained by Dunbar's detachment. It seemed foolhardily indeed to advance to the attack of an enemy who had just cut in pieces a force twice as strong as his own. But, according to his view of the matter, this consideration did not in any wise affect the result of his reasoning. His axiom was that Arrah must be relieved. There was no one else now left to do the business; so of necessity it fell to him. He had not many soldiers, and would be glad to have more. He did not share the sentiment of King Henry at Agincourt. He would have been delighted to see at his back a thousand or two of those men at Aldershot who did no work that day. But, as he had only a few, he must perform the work with those few. So on he went, nothing doubting.

On the night of Sunday, the 2d of August, our force bivouacked at Googerajunge. In the morning the enemy put in an appearance, and the march was one constant skirmish as far as Bebeegunge, where the road crosses a deep nullah. The bridge had been destroyed; and Eyre had nothing for it but to direct his course towards the railway embankment, along which he hoped to force his way to Arrah. This route, however, was barred by a wood, in and about which was drawn up Coer Sing's whole force—two thousand five hundred mutineers, and the *posse comitatus* of the province, estimated at eight thousand men. The rebels, whom their recent success had inspired with unwonted confidence, did not wait to be attacked. The sepoy bugles sounded the "Assembly," then the "Advance," and finally the "Double," and their battalions, in columns of companies, charged our guns in front, but were driven back several times with great slaughter. Then they tried a surer game, and endeavoured to crush our line with a heavy point-blank musketry fire. "And now," said Major Eyre, "we had as much on our own hands as we could manage." Large numbers of the enemy stole round under cover of the trees, and raked our whole array from either flank. The men began to fall fast; and, in an army of nine or ten score com-

batants, men cannot fall fast for many minutes together without serious consequences. Our troops began to be disheartened, and to be painfully aware of the overwhelming odds against which they were contending. It was trying work receiving twenty bullets for every one they fired. At such a moment the man of sterling stuff feels that things cannot go well, unless he personally exerts himself to the utmost. It is this state of mind that wins foot-ball matches, and boat-races, and battles. A young officer, by name Hastings, not relishing the idea of standing still to be shot down, ran forward, sword in hand, towards the point where the enemy stood thickest, with a dozen volunteers and twice as many soldiers at his heels. This appeared to the sepoys a most unaccountable proceeding; but they were not ignorant of the great military truth that "when two hostile parties find themselves on the same ground "one or the other must leave it;" and, as Hastings and his companions kept coming nearer and nearer with the expression on their faces which the Sahibs always wear when they don't intend to turn back, they had no choice but to run for it. That charge saved Arrah. When once natives have given way, it is almost impossible to bring them again to the scratch. Coer Sing retreated, leaving on the ground six hundred of his followers, most of whom had been killed in the attack upon the battery; and our poor little force, which he had expected to devour at a single mouthful, gathered together the wounded, limbered up the guns, and with lightened hearts pressed forward on its mission of deliverance.

When the garrison looked out of their loopholes at dawn, on the 3d, they were surprised at seeing none of the besiegers stirring in the neighbourhood. As they were not the men to wait tamely for what might befall them without doing something to help themselves, they sallied forth, and took this opportunity to get some fresh air and replenish their larder. After a hard chase about the compound, they suc-

ceeded in capturing four sheep, which they brought back into the house amidst great rejoicing, together with one of the enemy's cannon. Presently the boom of guns was heard in the distance, and excited a strange hope which, but just now, they expected never again to experience. Towards evening the beaten rebels poured into the town in dire confusion. They stayed only to collect their plunder—in the sense in which the word is employed both by a Yankee and an Englishman—and marched off, bag and baggage, never more to visit Arrah, with the exception of a few who returned from time to time in order to be present at their own execution. On the morning of Tuesday, the 4th of August, there was not a sepoy within miles of the station. And then our countrymen came forth, unwashed, unshaved, begrimed with dust and powder, haggard with anxiety and want of sleep, but very joyous and thankful at heart: pleased to stand once more beneath the open sky, and to roam fearlessly through their old haunts, in which the twittering of birds and the chirping of grasshoppers had succeeded to the ceaseless din of musketry; pleased with the first long draught of sherry and soda-water, and with the cool breath of dawn after the atmosphere of a vault, without window or punkah, filled to suffocation with the smoke of their rifles. With what fervour must they have offered their tribute of praise and gratitude to Almighty God—not for having smitten Amalek, and discomfited Moab; not for having overthrown their enemies, and dashed in pieces those that rose up against them; not for having abated the pride of Coer Sing, assuaged his malice, and confounded his devices—but because, in His mercy, He so decreed, and in His wisdom so arranged the order of the world, that civilization should prevail over brute force, fair dealing over treachery, and manly valour over sneaking cruelty, that so all things might work together for our good and His honour!

There are moments when an oppressive sense of Nineteenth Century weights

heavy on the soul; when we shudder to hear Mr. Cobden pronounce that one number of the *Times* newspaper is worth the eight books of Thucydides. There are moments when we feel that locomotives and power-looms are not everything; that black care sits behind the stoker; that death knocks with equal foot at the door of the Turkey Red Yarn Establishment. Then it is good to turn from the perusal of the shareholder; from pensive reflections on the steadiness of piece-goods, the languor of gunny-cloths, and the want of animation evinced by mule-twist, to the contemplation of qualities which are recognised and valued by all ages alike. It is good to know that trade and luxury, and the march of science, have not unnerved our wrists, and dulled our eyes, and turned our blood to water. There is much in common between Leonidas dressing his hair before he went forth to his last fight, and Colvin laughing over his rice and salt while the bullets pattered on the wall like hail. Still, as in the days of old Homer, "Cowards gain neither honour nor safety; but men who respect themselves and each other for the most part go through the battle unharmed." Still, as in Londonderry of old, the real strength of a besieged place con-

sists not in the scientific construction of the defences, nor in the multitude of the garrison, nor in abundant stores of provision and ordnance, but in the spirit which is prepared to dare all, and endure all, sooner than allow the assailants to set foot within the wall. Though but six years have passed away, the associations of the events which I have related begin to grow dim. So changeable are the elements of Anglo-Indian society that not one of the defenders of the fortification is now resident at the station. Already the wall, on which Wake wrote the diary of the siege, has been whitewashed; and the inclosure, where the dead horses lay through those August days, has been destroyed; and a party-wall has been built over the mouth of the well in the cellars; and the garden-fence, which served the mutineers as a first parallel, has been moved twenty yards back. Half a century more, and every vestige of the struggle may have been swept away. But, as long as Englishmen love to hear of fidelity and constancy, and courage bearing up the day against frightful odds, there is no fear lest they forget the name of the little house at Arrah.

Yours very truly,
H. BROUGHTON.

A FRENCH ETON.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PART I.

A LIVELY and acute writer, whom English society, indebted to his vigilance for the exposure of a thousand delinquents, salutes with admiration as its Grand Detective, some time ago called public attention to the state of the "College of the Blessed Mary" at Eton. In that famous seat of learning, he said, a vast sum of money was expended on education, and a beggarly account of empty brains was the result. Rich endowments were wasted; parents were

giving large sums to have their children taught, and were getting a most inadequate return for their outlay. Science, among those venerable towers in the vale of the Thames, still adored her Henry's holy shade; but she did very little else. These topics, handled with infinite skill and vivacity, produced a strong effect. Public attention, for a moment, fixed itself upon the state of secondary instruction in England. The great class which is interested in the improvement of this imagined that the moment was come for making the first

step towards that improvement. The comparatively small class whose children are educated in the existing public schools thought that some inquiry into the state of these institutions might do good. A Royal Commission was appointed to report upon the endowments, studies, and management of the nine principal public schools of this country—Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, and Shrewsbury.

Eton was really the accused, although eight co-respondents have thus been summoned to appear with Eton; and in Eton the investigation now completed will probably produce most reform. The reform of an institution which trains so many of the rulers of this country is, no doubt, a matter of considerable importance. That importance is certainly less if it is true, as the *Times* tells us, that the real ruler of our country is "The People," although this potentate does not absolutely transact his own business, but delegates that function to the class which Eton educates. But even those who believe that Mirabeau, when he said, *He who administers governs*, was a great deal nearer the truth than the *Times*, and to whom, therefore, changes at Eton seem really important, will hardly be disposed to make those changes very sweeping. If Eton does not teach her pupils profound wisdom, we have Oxenstiern's word for it that the world is governed by very little wisdom. Eton, at any rate, teaches her aristocratic pupils virtues which are among the best virtues of an aristocracy—freedom from affectation, manliness, a high spirit, simplicity. It is to be hoped that she teaches something of these virtues to her other pupils also, who, not of the aristocratic class themselves, enjoy at Eton the benefit of contact with aristocracy. For these other pupils, perhaps, a little more learning, as well as a somewhat stronger dose of ideas, might be desirable. Above all, it might be desirable to wean them from the easy habits and profuse notions of expense which Eton generates—habits and notions graceful enough in the lilies of the social field, but inconvenient for

its future toilers and spinners. To convey to Eton the knowledge that the wine of Champagne does not water the whole earth, and that there are incomes which fall below 5,000*l.* a year, would be an act of kindness towards a large class of British parents, full of proper pride, but not opulent. Let us hope that the courageous social reformer who has taken Eton in hand may, at least, reap this reward from his labours. Let us hope he may succeed in somewhat reducing the standard of expense at Eton, and let us pronounce over his offspring the prayer of Ajax:—"O boys, may you be cheaper-educated than your father, but in other respects like him; may you have the same loving care for the improvement of the British officer, the same terrible eye upon bullies and jobbers, the same charming gaiety in your frolics with the 'Old Dog Tray';—but may all these gifts be developed at a lesser price!"

But I hope that large class which wants the improvement of secondary instruction in this country—secondary instruction, the great first stage of a liberal education, coming between elementary instruction, the instruction in the mother tongue and in the simplest and indispensable branches of knowledge on the one hand, and superior instruction, the instruction given by universities, the second and finishing stage of a liberal education, on the other—will not imagine that the appointment of a Royal Commission to report on nine existing schools can seriously help it to that which it wants. I hope it will steadily say to the limited class whom the reform of these nine schools (if they need reform) truly concerns—*Tua res agitur*. These nine schools are by their constitution such that they profess to reach but select portions of the multitudes that are claiming secondary instruction; and, whatever they might profess, being nine, they can only reach select portions. To see secondary instruction treated as a matter of national concern, to see any serious attempt to make it both commensurate with the numbers needing it and of good quality, we must cross the Channel.

I understand that the Royal Commissioners have thought themselves precluded, by the limits of their instructions, from making a thorough inquiry into the system of secondary instruction on the Continent. They will, no doubt, have collected some information upon this subject ; for to accomplish perfectly their own duties, even in the narrowest view of them, would be impossible without it. But this information they will have collected either through the English embassies abroad, or by means of private and unofficial inquiry. I regret that they did not trust to the vast importance of the subject for procuring their pardon even if they somewhat extended their scope, and made their survey of foreign secondary instruction exact. This they could only have done by investing qualified persons with the commission to seek, in their name, access to the foreign schools. These institutions must be seen at work, and seen by experienced eyes, for their operation to be properly understood and described. But to see them at work the aid of the public authorities abroad is requisite ; and foreign governments, most prompt in giving this aid to accredited emissaries, are by no means disposed to extend it to the chance inquirer.

In 1859 I visited France, authorized by the Royal Commissioners who were then inquiring into the state of popular education in England, to seek, in their name, information respecting the French primary schools. I shall never cease to be grateful for the cordial help afforded to me by the functionaries of the French Government for seeing thoroughly the objects which I came to study. The higher functionaries charged with the supervision of primary instruction have the supervision of secondary instruction also ; and their kindness enabled me occasionally to see something of the secondary schools—institutions which strongly attracted my interest, but which the Royal Commissioners had not authorized me to study, and which the French Minister of Public Instruction had not directed his functionaries to show me. I thus saw the lyceum, or

public secondary school, of Toulouse—a good specimen of its class. To make clear to the English reader what this class of institutions is, with a view of enabling him to see, afterwards, what is the problem respecting secondary instruction which we in this country really have to solve, I will describe the Toulouse lyceum.

Toulouse, the chief city of the great plain of Languedoc, and a place of great antiquity, dignity, and importance, has one of the principal lyceums to be found out of Paris. But the chief town of every French department has its lyceum, and the considerable towns of every department have their communal colleges, as the chief town has its lyceum. These establishments of secondary instruction are attached to academies, local centres of the Department of Public Instruction at Paris, of which there are sixteen in France. The head of an academy is called its "rector," and his chief ministers are called "academy-inspectors." The superintendence of all public instruction (under the general control of the Minister of Public Instruction at Paris) was given by M. Guizot's education-law to the academies ; that of primary instruction has been, in great measure, taken away from them and given to the prefects ; that of secondary or superior instruction still remains to them. Toulouse is the seat of an academy of the first class, with a jurisdiction extending over eight departments ; its rector, when I was there in 1859, was an ex-judge of the Paris Court of Cassation, M. Rocher, a man of about sixty, of great intelligence, courtesy, and knowledge of the world. Ill-health had compelled him to resign his judgeship, and the Minister of Public Instruction, his personal friend, had given him the rectorate of Toulouse, the second in France in point of rank, as a kind of dignified retreat. The position of rector in France much resembles that of one of our heads of houses at Oxford or Cambridge. M. Rocher placed me under the guidance of his academy-inspector, M. Peyrot ; and M. Peyrot, after introducing me to the primary inspectors of Toulouse, and enabling me

to make arrangements with them for visiting the primary schools of the city and neighbourhood, kindly took me over the lyceum, which is under his immediate supervision.

A French lyceum is an institution founded and maintained by the State, with aid from the department and commune. The communal colleges are founded and maintained by the commune, with aid from the State. The lyceum of Toulouse is held in large and somewhat gloomy buildings, in the midst of the city; old ecclesiastical buildings have in a number of towns been converted by the Government into public-school premises. We were received by the *proviseur*, M. Seignette. The provisor is the chief functionary—the head master—of a French lyceum; he does not, however, himself teach, but manages the business concerns of the school, administers its finances, and is responsible for its general conduct and discipline; his place is one of the prizes of French secondary instruction, and the provisor, having himself served a long apprenticeship as a teacher, has all the knowledge requisite for superintending his professors. He, like the professors, has gone through the excellent normal school out of which the functionaries of secondary instruction are taken, and has fulfilled stringent conditions of training and examination. Three chaplains—Roman Catholic priests—have the charge of the religious instruction of the lyceum; a Protestant minister, however, is specially appointed to give this instruction to pupils whose parents are of the reformed faith, and these pupils attend, on Sundays, their own Protestant places of worship. The lyceum has from three to four hundred scholars; it receives both boarders and day-scholars. In every lyceum which receives boarders there are a certain number of *bourses*, or public scholarships, which relieve their holders from all cost for their education. The school has three great divisions, each with its separate schoolrooms and playground. The playgrounds are large courts, planted with trees. Attached to the institution, but in a separate building,

is a school for little boys from six to twelve years of age, called the *Petit Collège*; here there is a garden as well as a playground, and the whole school-life is easier and softer than in the lyceum, and adapted to the tender years of the scholars. In the *Petit Collège*, too, there are both boarders and day-scholars.

The schoolrooms of the lyceum were much like our schoolrooms here; large bare rooms, looking as if they had seen much service, with their desks browned and battered, and inscribed with the various carvings of many generations of schoolboys. The cleanliness, order, and neatness of the passages, dormitories, and sick-rooms, were exemplary. The dormitories are vast rooms, with a teacher's bed at each end; a light is kept burning in them all the night through. In no English school have I seen any arrangements for the sick to compare with those of the Toulouse Lyceum. The service of the *infirmary*, as it is called, is performed by Sisters of Charity. The aspect and manners of these nurses, the freshness and airiness of the rooms, the whiteness and fragrance of the great stores of linen which one saw ranged in them, made one almost envy the invalids who were being tended in such a place of repose.

In the playground the boys—dressed, all of them, in the well-known uniform of the French schoolboy—were running, shouting, and playing, with the animation of their age; but it is not by its playgrounds and means of recreation that a French lyceum, as compared with the half-dozen great English public schools, shines. The boys are taken out to walk, as the boys at Winchester used to be taken out to *hills*; but at the end of the French schoolboy's walk there are no *hills* on which he is turned loose. He learns and practises gymnastics more than our schoolboys do; and the court in which he takes his recreation is somewhat more spacious and agreeable than we English are apt to imagine a court to be; but it is a poor place indeed—poor in itself and poor in its resources—compared with the *playing-fields* of Eton, or the *meads* of Winchester, or the *close* of Rugby.

Of course I was very desirous to see the boys in their schoolrooms, and to hear some of the lessons; but M. Peyrot and M. Seignette, with all the goodwill in the world, were not able to grant to an unofficial visitor permission to do this. It is something to know what the programme of studies in a French lyceum is, though it would be far more interesting to know how that programme is practically carried out. But the programme itself is worth examining: it is the same for every lyceum in France. It is fixed by the Council of Public Instruction in Paris, a body in which the State, the Church, the French Academy, and the scholastic profession, are all represented, and of which the Minister of Public Instruction is president. The programme thus fixed is promulgated by the Minister's authority, and every lyceum is bound to follow it. I have before me that promulgated by M. Guizot in 1833; the variations from it, up to the present day, are but slight. In the sixth, or lowest class, the boys have to learn French, Latin, and Greek grammar, and their reading is Cornelius Nepos and Phædrus, and, along with the fables of Phædrus, those of La Fontaine. For the next, or fifth class, the reading is Ovid in Latin, Lucian's *Dialogues* and *Isocrates* in Greek, and *Télémaque* in French. For the fourth, besides the authors read in the classes below, Virgil in Latin and Xenophon in Greek, and, in French, Voltaire's *Charles XII.* For the third, Sallust and Cicero are added in Latin, Homer and Plutarch's *Moralia* in Greek; in French, Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, Massillon's *Petit Carême*, Boileau, and extracts from Buffon. For the second class (our fifth form), Horace, Livy, and Tacitus, in Latin; in Greek, Sophocles and Euripides, Plato and Demosthenes; in French, Bossuet's *Histoire Universelle*, and Montesquieu's *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*. The highest class (our sixth form) is divided into two, a rhetoric and a philosophy class; this division—which is important, and which is daily becoming, with the authorities of French Public

Instruction, an object of greater importance—is meant to correspond to the direction, literary or scientific, which the studies of the now adult scholar are to take. In place of the Pindar, Thucydides, Lucan, and Molière, of the rhetoric class, the philosophy class has chemistry, physics, and the higher mathematics. Some instruction in natural science finds a place in the school-course of every class; in the lower classes, instruction in the elements of human physiology, zoology, botany, and geology; in the second class (fifth form), instruction in the elements of chemistry. To this instruction in natural science two or three hours a week are allotted. About the same time is allotted to arithmetic, to special instruction in history and geography, and to modern languages; these last, however, are said to be in general as imperfectly learnt in the French public schools as they are in our own. Two hours a week are devoted to the correction of composition. Finally, the New Testament, in Latin or Greek, forms a part of the daily reading of each class.

On this programme I will make two remarks, suggested by comparing it with that of any of our own public schools. It has the scientific instruction and the study of the mother-tongue which our school-course is without, and is often blamed for being without. I believe that the scientific instruction actually acquired by French schoolboys in the lower classes is very little, but still a boy with a taste for science finds in this instruction an element which keeps his taste alive; in the special class at the head of the school it is more considerable, but not, it is alleged, sufficient for the wants of this special class, and plans for making it more thorough and systematic are being canvassed. In the study of the mother-tongue the French schoolboy has a more real advantage over ours; he does certainly learn something of the French language and literature, and of the English our schoolboy learns nothing. French grammar, however, is a better instrument of instruc-

tion for boys than English grammar, and the French literature possesses prose works, perhaps even poetical works, more fitted to be used as classics for schoolboys than any which English literature possesses. I need not say that the fitness of works for this purpose depends on other considerations than those of the genius alone and of the creative force which they exhibit.

The regular school-lessons of a lyceum occupy about twenty-two hours in the week, but among these regular school-lessons the lessons in modern languages are not counted. The lessons in modern languages are given out of school-hours; out of school-house, too, all the boarders work with the masters at preparing their lessons; each boarder has thus what we call a private tutor: but the French schoolboy does not, like ours, pay extra for his private tutor; the general charge for board and instruction covers this special tuition.

Now I come to the important matter of school-fees. These are all regulated by authority; the scale of charges in every lyceum and communal college must be seen and sanctioned by the academy-inspector in order to have legality. A day-scholar in the Toulouse lyceum pays, in the lowest of the three great divisions of the school, 110f. (4*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*) a year; in the second division he pays 135f. (5*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*); in the third and highest division, 180f. (7*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*). If he wishes to share in the special tuition of the boarders, he pays from 2*l.* to 4*l.* a year extra. Next, for the boarders. A boarder pays, for his whole board and instruction, in the lowest division, 800f. (24*l.*) a year; in the second division, 850f. (26*l.*); in the highest division, 900f. (36*l.*). In the scientific class the charge is 2*l.* extra. The payments are made quarterly, and always in advance. Every boarder brings with him an outfit (*trousseau*) valued at 500f. (20*l.*): the sum paid for his board and instruction covers, besides, all expense for keeping good this outfit, and all charges for washing, medical attendance, books, and writing materials. The meals, though plain, are good, and they are

set out with a propriety and a regard for appearances which, when I was a boy, graced no school-dinners that I ever saw; just as, I must say, even in the normal schools for elementary teachers, the dinner-table in France contrasted strongly, by its clean cloth, arranged napkins, glass, and general neatness of service, with the stained cloth, napkinless knives and forks, jacks and mugs, hacked joints of meat, and stumps of loaves, which I have seen on the dinner-table of normal schools in England. With us it is always the individual that is filled, and the public that is sent empty away.

Such may be the cheapness of public school education, when that education is treated as a matter of public economy, to be administered upon a great scale, with rigid system and exact superintendence, in the interest of the pupil and not in the interest of the school-keeper.¹ But many people, it will be said, have no relish for such cast-iron schooling. Well, then, let us look at a French school not of the State-pattern—a school without the guarantees of State-management, but, also, without the uniformity and constraint which this management introduces.

A day or two after I had seen the Toulouse lyceum I started for Sorèze. Sorèze is a village in the department of the Tarn, a department bordering upon that in which Toulouse stands; it contains one of the most successful private schools in France, and of this school, in 1859, the celebrated Father Lacordaire was director. I left Toulouse by the railway in the middle of the day; in two hours I was at Castelnau, an old Visigoth place, on a hill rising out of the great plain of Languedoc, with immense views towards the Pyrenees on one side and

¹ *L'administration des lycées est complètement étrangère à toute idée de spéculation et de profit*, says the Toulouse prospectus which lies before me; "A lyceum is managed not in the least as a matter of speculation or profit;" and this is not a mere advertising puff, for the public is the real proprietor of the lycées, which it has founded for the education of its youth, and for that object only; the directors of the lyceum are simple servants of the public, employed by the public at fixed salaries.

the Cevennes on the other. After rambling about the town for an hour, I started for Sorèze in a vehicle exactly like an English coach; I was outside with the driver, and the other places, inside and outside, were occupied by old pupils of the Sorèze school, who were going there for the annual *fête*, the *Speeches*, to take place the next day. They were, most of them, young men from the universities of Toulouse and Montpellier; two or three of them were settled in Paris, but, happening to be just then at their homes, at Beziers or Narbonne, they had come over like the rest: they seemed a good set, all of them, and their attachment to their old school and master was more according to one's notions of English school-life than French. We had to cross the *Montagne Noire*, an outlier of the Cevennes; the elevation was not great, but the air, even on the 18th of May in Languedoc, was sharp, the vast distance looked grey and chill, and the whole landscape was severe, lonely, and desolate. Sorèze is in the plain on the other side of the *Montagne Noire*, at the foot of gorges running up into the Cevennes; at the head of these gorges are the basins from which the *Canal du Midi*—the great canal uniting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic—is fed. It was seven o'clock when we drove up the street, shaded with large trees, of Sorèze; my fellow-travellers showed me the way to the school, as I was obliged to get away early the next morning, and wanted, therefore, to make my visit that evening. The school occupies the place of an old abbey, founded in 757 by Pepin the Little; for several hundred years the abbey had been in the possession of the Dominicans, when, in Louis the Sixteenth's reign, a school was attached to it. In this school the king took great interest, and himself designed the dress for the scholars. The establishment was saved at the Revolution by the tact of the Dominican who was then at its head; he resumed the lay dress and returned, in all outward appearance, to the secular life, and his

school was allowed to subsist. Under the Restoration it was one of the most famous and most aristocratic schools in France, but it had much declined when Lacordaire, in 1854, took charge of it. I waited in the monastic-looking court (much of the old abbey remains as part of the present building) while my card, with a letter which the Papal Nuncio at Paris, to whom I had been introduced through Sir George Bowyer's kindness, had obtained for me from the Superior of the Dominicans, was taken up to Lacordaire; he sent down word directly that he would see me; I was shown across the court, up an old stone staircase, into a vast corridor; a door in this corridor was thrown open, and in a large bare room, with no carpet or furniture of any kind, except a small table, one or two chairs, a small book-case, a crucifix, and some religious pictures on the walls, Lacordaire, in the dress of his order, white-robed, hooded, and sandalled, sat before me.

The first public appearance of this remarkable man was in the cause of education. The Charter of 1830 had promised liberty of instruction; liberty, that is, for persons outside the official hierarchy of public instruction to open schools. This promise M. Guizot's celebrated school law of 1833 finally performed; but, in the meantime, the authorities of public instruction refused to give effect to it. Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert opened in Paris, on the 7th of May, 1831, an independent free school, of which they themselves were the teachers; it was closed in a day or two by the police, and its youthful conductors were tried before the Court of Peers and fined. This was Lacordaire's first public appearance; twenty-two years later his last sermon in Paris was preached in the same cause; it was a sermon on behalf of the schools of the Christian Brethren. During that space of twenty-two years he had run a conspicuous career, but on another field than that of education; he had become the most renowned preacher in Europe, and he had re-established in France by his energy, conviction, and patience, the

religious orders banished thence since the Revolution. Through this career I cannot now attempt to follow him; with the heart of friendship and the eloquence of genius, M. de Montalembert has recently written its history; but I must point out two characteristics which distinguished him in it, and which created in him the force by which, as an educator, he worked—the force by which he most impressed and commanded the young. One of these was his passion for firm order, for solid government. He called our age an age “which does not know how to obey—*qui ne sait guère obéir*.” It is easy to see that this is not so absolutely a matter for reproach as Lacordaire made it; in an epoch of transition society may and must say to its governors, “Govern me according to my spirit, if I am to obey you.” One cannot doubt that Lacordaire erred in making absolute devotion to the Church (*malheur à qui trouble l'Eglise!*) the watchword of a gifted man in our century; one cannot doubt that he erred in affirming that “the greatest service to be rendered to Christianity in one day was to do something for the revival of the mediaeval religious orders.” Still, he seized a great truth when he proclaimed the intrinsic weakness and danger of a state of anarchy; above all, when he applied this truth in the moral sphere he was incontrovertible, fruitful for his nation, especially fruitful for the young. He dealt vigorously with himself, and he told others that the first thing for them was to do the same; he placed character above everything else. “One may have spirit, learning, even genius,” he said, “and not character; for want of character our age is the age of mis-carriages. Let us form Christians in our schools, but, first of all, let us form Christians in our own hearts; the one great thing is to have a life of one's own.”

Allied to this characteristic was his other—his passion, in an age which seems to think that progress can be achieved only by our herding together and making a noise, for the antique discipline of retirement and silence.

His plan of life for himself, when he first took orders, was to go and be a village curé in a remote province of France. M. de Quélen, the Archbishop of Paris, kept him in the capital as chaplain to the Convent of the Visitation; he had not then commenced the conferences which made his reputation; he lived perfectly isolated and obscure, and he was never so happy. “It is with delight,” he wrote at this time, “that I find my solitude deepening round me; ‘one can do nothing without solitude,’ is my grand maxim. A man is formed from within, and not from without. To withdraw and be with oneself and with God is the greatest strength there can be in the world.” It is impossible not to feel the serenity and sincerity of these words. Twice he refused to edit the *Univers*; he refused a chair in the University of Louvain. In 1836, when his fame filled France, he disappeared for five years, and these years he passed in silence and seclusion at Rome. He came back in 1841 a Dominican monk; again, at Notre Dame, that eloquence, that ineffable accent, led his countrymen and foreigners captive; he achieved his cherished purpose of re-establishing in France the religious orders. Then once more he disappeared, and after a short station at Toulouse consigned himself, for the rest of his life, to the labour and obscurity of Sorèze. “One of the great consolations of my present life,” he writes from Sorèze, “is, that I have now God and the young for my sole companions.” The young, with their fresh spirit, as they instinctively feel the presence of a great character, so, too, irresistibly receive an influence from souls which live habitually with God.

Lacordaire received me with great kindness. He was above the middle height, with an excellent countenance; great dignity in his look and bearing, but nothing ascetic; his manners animated, and every gesture and movement showing the orator. He asked me to dine with him the next day, and to see the school festival, the *fête des anciens élèves*; but I could not stop. Then he ordered lights, for it was growing dark, and in-

sisted on showing me all over the place that evening. While we were waiting for lights he asked me much about Oxford; I had already heard from his old pupils that Oxford was a favourite topic with him, and that he held it up to them as a model of everything that was venerable. Lights came, and we went over the establishment; the school then contained nearly three hundred pupils—a great rise since Lacordaire first came in 1854, but not so many as the school has had in old times. It is said that Lacordaire at first resorted so frequently to expulsion as rather to alarm people. Sorèze, under his management, chiefly created interest by the sort of competition which it maintained with the lycées, or State schools. A private school of this kind, in France, cannot be opened without giving notice to the public authorities; the consent of these authorities is withheld if the premises of the proposed school are improper, or if its director fails to produce a certificate of probation and a certificate of competency—that is, if he has not served for five years in a secondary school, and passed the authorized public examination for secondary teachers. Finally, the school is always subject to State inspection, to ascertain that the pupils are properly lodged and fed, and that the teaching contains nothing contrary to public morality and to the laws; and the school may be closed by the public authorities on an inspector's report, duly verified. Still, for an establishment like the Sorèze school the actual State interference comes to very little; the Minister has the power of dispensing with the certificate of probation, and holy orders are accepted in the place of the certificate of competency (the examination in the seminary being more difficult than the examination for this latter). In France the State (Machiavel as we English think it), in naming certain matters as the objects of its supervision in private schools, means what it says, and does not go beyond these matters; and, for these matters, the name of a man like Lacordaire serves as a guarantee, and is readily accepted as such. All the boys at Sorèze are boarders, and a boarder's

expenses here exceed by about 8*l.* or 10*l.* a year his expenses at a lycée. The programme of studies differs little from that of the lycées, but the military system of these State schools Lacordaire repudiated. Instead of the vast common dormitories of the lycées, every boy had his little cell to himself; that was, after all, as it seemed to me, the great difference. But immense stress was laid, too, upon physical education, which the lycées are said too much to neglect. Lacordaire showed me with great satisfaction the stable, with more than twenty horses, and assured me that all the boys were taught to ride. There was the *salle d'escrime*, where they fenced, the armoury full of guns and swords, the shooting gallery, and so on. All this is in our eyes a little fantastic, and does not replace the want of cricket and football in a good field, and of freedom to roam over the country out of school-hours; in France, however, it is a good deal; and then twice a week all the boys used to turn out with Lacordaire upon the mountains, to their great enjoyment as the Sorèze people said, the Father himself being more vigorous than any of them. And the old abbey school has a small park adjoining it, with the mountains rising close behind, and it has beautiful trees in its courts, and by no means the dismal barrack-look of a lycée. Lacordaire had a staff of more than fifty teachers and helpers, about half of these being members of his own religious order—Dominicans; all co-operated in some way or other in conducting the school. Lacordaire used never to give school-lessons himself, but scarcely a Sunday passed without his preaching in the chapel. The highest and most distinguished boys formed a body called *the Institute*, with no governing powers like those of our sixth form, but with a sort of common-room to themselves, and with the privilege of having their meals with Lacordaire and his staff. I was shown, too, a *Salle d'Illustres*, or Hall of Worthies, into which the boys are introduced on high days and holidays; we should think this fanciful, but I found it impressive. The hall is decorated

with busts of the chief of the former scholars, some of them very distinguished. Among these busts was that of Henri de Larochejacquelin (who was brought up here at Sorèze), with his noble, speaking countenance, his Vendean hat, and the heart and cross on his breast. There was, besides, a theatre for public recitations. We ended with the chapel, in which we found all the school assembled; a Dominican was reading to them from the pulpit an edifying life of a scapegrace converted to seriousness by a bad accident, much better worth listening to than most sermons. When it was over, Lacordaire whispered to me to ask if I would stay for the prayers or go at once. I stayed; they were very short and simple; and I saw the boys disperse afterwards. The gaiety of the little ones and their evident fondness for the *Père* was a pretty sight. As we went out of chapel, one of them, a little fellow of ten or eleven, ran from behind us, snatched, with a laughing face, Lacordaire's hand, and kissed it; Lacordaire smiled, and patted his head. When I read the other day in M. de Montalembert's book how Lacordaire had said, shortly before his death, "I have always tried to serve God, the Church, and our Lord Jesus Christ; besides these I have loved—oh, dearly loved!—children and young people," I thought of this incident.

Lacordaire knew absolutely nothing of our great English schools, their character, or recent history; but then no Frenchman, except a very few at Paris who know more than anybody in the world, knows anything about anything. However, I have seen few people more impressive; he was not a great modern thinker, but a great Christian orator of the fourth century, born in the nineteenth; playing his part in the nineteenth century not so successfully as he would have played it in the fourth, but still nobly. I would have given much to stay longer with him, as he kindly pressed me; I was tempted, too, by hearing that it was likely he would make a speech the next day. Never did any man so give one the sense

of his being a natural orator, perfect in ease and simplicity; they told me that on Sunday, when he preached, he hardly ever went up into the pulpit, but spoke to them from his place "*sans façon*." But I had an engagement to keep at Carcassone at a certain hour, and I was obliged to go. At nine I took leave of Lacordaire and returned to the village inn, clean, because it is frequented by the relations of pupils. There I supped with my fellow-travellers, the old scholars; charming companions they proved themselves. Late we sat, much *vin de Cahors* we drank, and great friends we became. Before we parted, one of them, the Beziers youth studying at Paris, with the amiability of his race assured me (God forgive him!) that he was well acquainted with my poems. By five the next morning I had started to return to Castelnauary. Recrossing the *Montagne Noire* in the early morning was very cold work, but the view was inconceivably grand. I caught the train at Castelnauary, and was at Carcassone by eleven; there I saw a school, and I saw the old city of Carcassone. I am not going to describe either the one or the other, but I cannot forbear saying, Let everybody see the *cité de Carcassone*. It is, indeed, as the antiquarians call it, the Middle Age Herculaneum. When you first get sight of the old city, which is behind the modern town—when you have got clear of the modern town, and come out upon the bridge over the Aude, and see the walled *cité* upon its hill before you—you rub your eyes and think that you are looking at a vignette in *Ivanhoe*.

Thus I have enabled, as far as I could, the English reader to see what a French lyceum is like, and what a French private school, competing with a lyceum, is like. I have given him, as far as I could, the facts; now for the application of these facts. What is the problem respecting secondary instruction which we in this country have to solve? What light do these facts throw upon that problem? The answer to these questions I must reserve for a second paper.

VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

CURRENTS AND UNDER-CURRENTS.

THE Marchioness Del Palmetto was one of those noble devotees of a fixed idea, whom Providence scatters among a nation when its destinies are ripe—moral engines of an incalculable power, and without which the task even of a Cavour would be relatively lingering and thankless. He who has not seen one of these exceptional beings at work can form no conception of the vastness and the importance of results which the devouring activity of a single individual can effect. The independence of her country was the focus to which all Signora Del Palmetto's energy of thought and action converged; and that day was lost for her which had not secured to Italy a new friend, to Austria a new foe.

She belonged to a heroic family of heroic Brescia, in which love of Italy, abhorrence of Austria, were hereditary. She had turned her father's house into a hospital for the sick and wounded of the Piedmontese army in 1848; she had, in 1849, loaded and handed muskets to her father and brothers defending Brescia inch by inch against the soldiers of Haynau; she had, on the cold corpse of her eldest brother, killed by an Austrian ball, sworn the oath of Hannibal. Teresa Ombelli was then only seventeen. At Turin, where she and the other survivors of her family had to seek a refuge from the vengeance of the flogger of women, her name, her youth, her beauty, her very eccentric style of dressing, constantly in mourning for her country, surrounded her with a halo of sympathy and respect which gradually extended from the Lombard emigrants, to which it was at first limited, to that of the Turinese society at large,

until in a few years the name of Teresa Ombelli—a name ever associated with all benevolent acts and progressive undertakings—became familiar and dear to the whole liberal party. Her interest and favour with the official and parliamentary world, especially of late days, had considerably and deservedly increased; for it is no exaggeration to say that her indefatigable propagandism had counted for something in the successful cutting of the two hardest knots which the Cavour administration had had to deal with—we mean the suppression of the convents, and the participation of Sardinia in the Crimean War. And persons were hinted at—not a few of them senators and deputies, professedly adverse to both measures—whose conversion she had worked, and whose votes she had sent to swell the ministerial majority. All this, of course, had nothing to do with the hearty reception she met at Rumelli. Who she was, or what she was, the Rumellians knew as little of as they did of Sanscrit; nor would the knowledge have at all helped her popularity. All that the good folks knew, or cared to know, concerning her was, that she was the marchioness, the wife of the representative of a family which had knocked them about for generations, and in whom they consequently put their pride and reverence. Being the marchioness, they would have welcomed and cheered her even had she been old and ugly, haughty and cross—they welcomed and cheered more loudly, perhaps, because she was young and handsome, smiling and affable. This display of good will took place on the Sunday after their arrival; and certainly the explosion of enthusiasm which greeted the young couple on their way to and from Church was remarkable. Not even on the memorable occasion of the Signor Av-

vocato's return from Turin a cavaliere, was the popular commotion so great and universal. The good people of Rumelli had a vast arrear of unsatisfied excitement to give vent to—an arrear which dated so far back as the end of 1854, that being the epoch at which the palace began to put on its cap of dullness.

After vespers the whole village, headed by the town council, and preceded by the band, flocked to the castle. We spare the reader the mayor's official address, as well as the other speeches and the programme of the music performed ; the finale of the ceremony was the presentation of an enormous bouquet to her ladyship. The national guard shone by its absence, as Captain Del Palmetto was heard to remark sarcastically. The gates of the castle were thrown wide open, and any one who chose might enter—whoever came was graciously received and hospitably entertained. Nor were the more discreet majority, who were contented with staring in at the windows, or strolling in the park, overlooked. The marquis sent them out tables and chairs, and plenty of wine, and mixed among them, shaking hands and drinking healths with all the zeal of a new convert.

Among the magnates who went in *de jure* and were received with due honour, was Don Pio : the reverend gentleman made a neat little oration, expressing his appreciation of the singular good fortune which had befallen him in the acquisition, were it only for a time, of two such distinguished parishioners, whose presence alone was the cause of such rejoicing among his flock. The marchioness thanked him, and said how touched she was by the cordial welcome the Rumellians had given her.

"A truly excellent and conservative population is ours hereabouts," said Don Pio. "They hold to old associations, and also to old habits and ways."

"Not too much of that, I hope," returned the Marchioness, smiling.

"May I ask," said Don Pio, in his most persuasive voice, "how one can hold too much to that which is good?"

"Gently," said the Signora ; "your question implies that you think all was good in the past. Now, that I do not admit. The past has its good and its bad ; and true conservatism, to my mind, consists in preserving the former and getting rid of the latter."

"Even admitting this," replied the Curé, "it still remains to be determined what is the good to be kept and what the bad to be removed ; and that is a matter of opinion . . . but," he added, in a tone of self-reproach—"but I am ashamed to catch myself arguing when I ought only to think of greeting and congratulating."

Don Pio had only intended to sound the ground ; he had every interest not to prepossess against him his newly-arrived and powerful neighbours. The Marchioness, on her side, had neither reason nor wish to offend the most influential person in the parish ; her sole motive in saying as much as she had said was to prove to him that she was not the woman to hide her colours. So the discussion ended there.

The pleasurable excitement created by the young Marquis's return with a bride to the castle of his ancestors, did not die away with the demonstrations made on that Sunday. The Del Palmettos themselves, all unwittingly, kept it alive by their daily rounds through the village, and the easy familiarity they displayed on these occasions. They were really grateful for the goodwill shown them, and returned it in kind. By the end of a few days there was no cottage at the door of which they had not stood in friendly converse with the inmates ; no old man or woman of whose exact age they were not cognisant ; no young candidate for the first communion they had not congratulated ; no babe whose gamut of screams they did not know by heart—not that the babies of Rumelli had a greater disposition to scream than to laugh ; but, if they had begun by laughing at the Marchioness's pretty face bending over them, it was rare that they did not end by screaming at the hirsute appearance of that of the Marquis. Del Palmetto had been re-

peatedly told, and took a pride in believing it, that he was very like the King ; and, to render the likeness still more striking, he had allowed the tuft on his chin and his moustachios to grow to the fabulous length of those of his royal menecme.

But democratic bias, and study of popularity with the common herd, did not make the young pair forget the claims of the bigwigs of the land. Del Palmetto had his head full of plans of reform, and he knew full well that the influential few could help him far more effectually to carry them out than the many who had no finger in the pie. The curé, the mayor, the ex-mayor, the town councillors, the officers of the defunct national guard, were accordingly called upon, and such among them as could best forward his views, in proper time, asked to dine at the Castle, and carefully catechized *inter pocula*. . . But we must not anticipate.

As to the inmates of the Palace, there was no end to the friendly advances made to them by the Marquis and his wife—advances persevered in, in spite of the passiveness, not to say coolness, with which they were received. The Palace was far from ungracious, but stood on the defensive.

"Really you are too good," would Signora Candia observe at the Marchioness's every fresh call, "and I am heartily ashamed of myself when I think of what a poor return I make you for all your kind visits. But I hope you will forgive me—I have had so very much to do ; and then papa is far from well, and I cannot leave him, you understand."

"Reason the more that I, who have nothing to keep me at home, should come and enjoy your society here," would the lady of the Castle answer. "There can be no question of etiquette between us."

Or it was the Signor Avvocato, who, as soon as he caught sight of the Marquis, would cry out, "Here you come, my poor Del Palmetto, to do penance. This is a dull place, and I am but dull company for a spirited young fellow like you."

"I suspect I am not so spirited as you would make me out," was the Marquis's laughing rejoinder, "for I confess that such dulness as I find here pleases me wonderfully well, as my frequent appearance proves. Now, what can you say to that, eh ?"

If there were ever people in the world likely to disagree and to keep as far apart as they could, surely it was the master of the Palace and his daughter, and the Marquis and Marchioness Del Palmetto. Fire and water have as much affinity. The two last were the bold assertion of all that whereof the two first were the negation. What, then, was at the bottom of this seeming predetermination on the part of the latter to force themselves on the former ? There was nothing more mysterious in it than regard for Vincenzo and a wish to be useful to him. The Marchioness was not so absorbed by politics as to have neither eyes nor ears for other matters. Within a very short time, the Palace had no longer any secrets for her. The split between Vincenzo and the Signor Avvocato, and the siding of Rose with her father, the causes which had engendered it, and the deplorable consequences which it entailed upon Vincenzo—the Marchioness understood it all. To see an evil and to look for the remedy was for her ardent nature one and the same thing. Now, of remedies there was but one—a reconciliation on reasonable terms. She was sure that Vincenzo was too sensible a man not to acquiesce, were any such offered to him ; but she was far from having the same confidence in the good sense of Signora Candia and her father. The Marchioness's conclusion—we give it in her own words—to her husband, was this : "We must lay regular siege to the hearts of this father and daughter, and try to acquire an influence over them, which we shall use in behalf of your friend. If we succeed, well and good ; if not, we shall always have gained this point—that Signor Vincenzo's daily intercourse with us will be looked upon as a natural return for our unremitting civilities to his family,

and thus nobody will take umbrage at it." For by this time—the middle of March—Vincenzo was a daily visitor at the Castle—nay, regularly spent his afternoons there, from three o'clock to seven in the evening. He drank largely, we see, from the fresh source of kindness and affection which had gushed up from under his feet, as it were ; but he was so thirsty, poor soul ! and then his warm-hearted neighbours made him such a golden bridge. Vincenzo had even his little sanctum at the Castle, that same small parlour into which Del Palmetto had taken him to rest on his first visit. "You are to consider this as your own private room," had the Marquis said to him. "In case we are out, or have visitors you don't care to meet, or in case you choose to sulk, here you will find newspapers and books, and perfect solitude, to suit your humour. Recollect, it is entirely your own, and you can come in and out without reporting yourself to anybody." It is useless to say that Vincenzo profited but sparingly by the permission to remain alone—only, in fact, when there were callers up-stairs. His morbid shyness and horror of company, or, worse still, of appearing in public, had outlived his isolation. He never went by the high-road to the Castle, but took the bypath more than once already mentioned. To return : Vincenzo, after availing himself of the opportunity to read the papers, which he did with a zest enhanced by long deprivation (the only paper received at the Palace was a clerical one, and even that rarely came in his way)—Vincenzo, after reading the papers, would seek his friends, and pass the rest of the afternoon with them, indoors, when the weather was bad, but more often in the pleasant shades of the park. Political news and speculations thereon usually formed the staple of the conversation. Signora Del Palmetto had correspondents in all parts of Italy, and consequently had plenty to tell about the blunders of the rulers, and the humours of the ruled, and the almost universal disposition to adhere to and support Piedmont. Politics did not

exclude lighter topics. The Marchioness was quite at home in contemporary literature and art. No distinguished writer of the liberal school, from Leopardi to Giusti, that she had not at her fingers' ends. All Berchet's ballads and Giusti's satires she knew by heart. No renowned painter and sculptor with whose productions she was not familiar, more especially those of the artists who had devoted their talents to the service of the Italian Idea. And, having been, or being personally acquainted with all the men of note, dead or alive, of whom she spoke, she seasoned her conversation about them with the most interesting traits and anecdotes. She laid a great stress on music as a means of inoculating the masses with a national feeling, and used to say that in this point of view Italy was much indebted to the eminent composer and patriot Verdi.

The reader must not infer, from our exclusive mention of the Marchioness's sayings, that she played the lecturer, and had all the talk to herself. No such thing. She courted discussion, even contradiction ; and such opinions and preferences as we have had occasion to mention came forth impromptu in the course of friendly chats, in which her husband, and particularly Vincenzo, took a good share. Vincenzo possessed a good store of general information, and had decided opinions on most subjects ; and, when these differed from those of the lady, he was not backward in saying so, or to support his own views, though gently and discreetly. The Marchioness did not easily yield ; he was tenacious of his point ; hence courteous passes of arms, in which the advantage was not always on the Signora's side. She was never so well pleased as when she had succeeded in putting him into a passion—an argumentative passion, that is ; Vincenzo needed only just a touch of excitement to grow eloquent. "Did you notice how I set Signor Vincenzo off? What a pity he is too young to be a member!" was what she would often remark to her husband when he came back from

conveying his friend home. "With a little practice, what a debater he would make! It is positively a treason to one's country to condemn such powers of mind as he has to such total and cruel inactivity." But the least approach to this subject with Candia himself, the remotest hint as to the possibility for him of a career of usefulness, was invariably met by the same sad shake of the head, the same hopeless answer, "It is vain to think of such a thing." Nevertheless these earnest friends of his did continue to think of it, and to try their utmost to work the thought into a reality. Their conspiracy of kindness towards their neighbours was pushed on with unabated vigour. Not a day passed without either the Marquis or his wife calling at the Palace—if only to inquire for the Signor Avvocato's health after their usual morning ride or walk. The Del Palmettos were early risers, and loved to saunter about on foot, or ride, in the cool of the morning; they generally, however, went to the Palace towards noon, to make sure of seeing the Signor Avvocato, who was seldom visible before twelve. Not unfrequently, when he was confined to his room by his attacks of pain, the Marchioness would go and sit with him by the hour, talk to him about Turin and Brescia, tell him of Haynau and Austrian rule in Lombardy. The Signor Avvocato's political conversion had not been so thorough as to have cured him of his life-long aversion to Austria. The old gentleman was amused by his visitor's spirit and liveliness, and very soon began to miss her when she did not come—signs which, perceived and noted with feminine perspicacity, gave her the measure of the ground she was gaining in the father's heart.

It was otherwise with the daughter's; there was no way to it, or, if there were, the Marchioness could not find it. She might carry her work as much as she pleased to the Palace, and spend whole afternoons *tête-à-tête* with her fair neighbour, and yet, when she rose to go away, feel herself as much a stranger as when

she had sat down three hours before. All the Marchioness's efforts to thaw Rose's coldness, to gain her confidence, to establish that sort of companionship so natural between young women, were neutralized by a *vis inertiae*, which might arise from an absence of personal sympathy, or from a studied reserve.

"Signora Candia," at last said Teresa to her husband, "is like a smooth surface, off which everything glides; none of my grappling hooks of friendliness can find one point in her on which to fix themselves. Do you know that lately I have begun to suspect she might be jealous?"

"What an idea!" exclaimed Del Palmetto; "jealousy presupposes love, and does she look as if she loved her husband? I should say quite the contrary."

"Certainly, as far as appearances go, I must say you are right; and yet I cannot get rid of the impression that she is jealous. Why should her heart be so shut against me, unless . . ."

"Her heart is shut against you, and me, and her husband, because we are all of us liberals, and she is a furious *codina*. I declare to heavens, my hair stands on end when I think that I once proposed to her; it does, upon my honour."

The Del Palmettos' assiduity at the Palace could not but place them in frequent contact with another equally assiduous, and possibly even more welcome visitor, namely, Don Pio.

These meetings, if devoid of cordiality, were not at all wanting in that washy substitute for it, good-natured civility. It formed part of the policy pursued by the Del Palmettos towards the Palace to keep well with a personage so influential in that quarter as Don Pio; and the priest, on his side, had obvious reasons also for being on good terms with the first family of the neighbourhood. With a view towards maintaining this good understanding, each party had made tacit concessions to the other. For instance, Del Palmetto had given up the turning the Castle into a stronghold of opposition, as he had at first intended;

and, in order to divest his favourite plan—the reorganization of the National Guard—of all aggressive character, he had repeatedly mentioned it to Don Pio, asking him for his co-operation—a co-operation, however, which the priest had declined to give, on the plea that military matters were alien to his calling. The curé had been as courteous on his part. He abstained, in the presence of the Marquis and Marchioness, from all such subjects as might hurt their feelings, or be displeasing to them; more than that, he had entirely given up those broad political allusions and denunciations of men and things with which, like too many of his clerical brethren of that time, he had hitherto richly seasoned his Sunday sermons. We must not forget that the Marchioness, immediately after her arrival, and when as yet she had no good reason for temporising with the curé, had proclaimed everywhere, and loudly enough to reach his ears, her determination to call him publicly to account if he indulged in diatribes against the Government.

Such was the posture of affairs on the 5th of April, the day which was to inaugurate the formation anew of the National, or Civic, Guard, as thereabouts it was more commonly called. The rank and file of the defunct body were to assemble, by appointment, in the Town Hall, and there proceed to the election of fresh officers, the period of the commission of the former ones having long since expired. It had not cost Del Palmetto any extraordinary efforts to bring about this issue; the Civic Guard virtually existed; it was a mere matter of form to call it into activity, so long as its members were willing. And this the immense majority were, who felt it would be no trifling honour to be commanded by their Marquis, a real captain to boot, with three medals on his breast; for it was already preconceived that the captaincy should devolve upon Del Palmetto.

Well, out of delicacy, and that it might not be said that he had sought to influence the poll, the Marquis had not

budged from home, where he waited for the result with undoubting confidence. To his amazement John the Miller and Peter the Chandler, the lieutenant and sub-lieutenant in expectancy, came to seek him, much discomposed; and not without cause, for the news they brought wore a very disastrous look. There had been no election for want of electors—only six out of twenty-seven had attended the meeting—of the remainder eight had already had their names struck off the rolls, and many more were spoken of as having expressed their intention to do the same; it had very much the appearance of a general *saute qui peut*.

"But there must be a cause for all this," cried Del Palmetto; "what is it?"

The cause was a very prevalent rumour, a terrible rumour—nothing less than that Don Pio had declared that not a single man of the new National Guard should be allowed to receive the sacrament on Easter-Day. Now Easter was close at hand. We spare the reader the polite little appellative which Del Palmetto, on hearing this, hurled at the head of Don Pio.

"And you, what do you think of doing?" asked he of the messengers. John the Miller and Peter the Chandler protested their entire devotion to the Marquis; at the same time they were Christians, they were fathers of families, they had souls to save; in short, for nothing in the world would they miss fulfilling their Paschal duty. Vexed to the heart as he was, Del Palmetto felt and admitted the full force of their reasons, and upon this there was an end of the interview.

The Marchioness took the infection of her husband's wrath, and they both did nothing, during dinner, but fret and fume, and devise measures of retaliation.

"Since war he chooses, war he shall have," said Del Palmetto, as he rose from table. "I shall go this very instant, and give this Don Pio a piece of my mind."

"Yes, do," said the Marchioness, going down-stairs with him.

Fortunately, as they passed the small parlour they called Vincenzo's study,

they thought of looking in and telling their friend of their grievance. Vincenzo, after listening attentively, strongly dissuaded their acting upon so flimsy a foundation as a vague rumour.

"As for me," went on Candia, "I take it for granted that Don Pio is the prime cause of this morning's defeat, but I know the man too well not to be sure that he has managed the matter so adroitly as to keep himself clear of all responsibility. Depend upon it, Don Pio is too clever to commit himself so clumsily as by a threat of the kind alleged. At all events, let us first get proofs that he has, and I shall not be the one to bid you restrain your just indignation—only in the meanwhile obey the saying of the sage, 'In doubt abstain.'"

Vincenzo's advice, supported by the Marchioness, won the day, and Del Palmetto, conquered if not convinced, consented to wait for more reliable information before risking an *éclat*. This more reliable information was not long in being obtained; it came through our old friend Barnaby. That Barnaby was a great partizan of the Castle, and a great favourite at the Castle—that he had at all times his *grandes* and *petites entrées* at the Castle—is what the reader does not need to be told. Barnaby had had all the particulars of the case from Lucangelo, who had every right to be believed, as he was art and part in the whole affair from beginning to end. This was that same Lucangelo who had been dairy-lad at the Palace in 1848, and who had then brought back from Ibella the first news of Vincenzo's escapade. He was now a full-grown man of twenty-two or twenty-three, and farmed a little bit of land of his own, the dowry of his wife. Being by far the tallest and handsomest young fellow of the village, Lucangelo was a very desirable acquisition for the National Guard; bethinking himself of which, Barnaby, who had continued on good terms with the ex-dairy lad, gave him no peace until he had got him to put his name down on the rolls—an acquiescence which, by the way, had cost Lucangelo

many and many a peevish remonstrance from his wife, who, like most wives, and mothers, and women in general, was against the National Guard. Now, then, to come to the gist of the business—Lucangelo, on this very morning of the 5th of April, had gone early to confession. Don Pio being the only confessor at hand, had nine-tenths of the custom of the village. Don Pio, on his way to the confessional, stopped a while, as was his wont, to count over the number of applicants for confession, and, probably, having satisfied himself that he had not time for the whole, singled out of the number Lucangelo and two of his comrades, and told them they need not wait, as he should not be able to attend to them. This exclusion, not unprecedented on occasions of large attendance, looked the more ominous to the objects of it, that on that morning there were only a scanty few waiting. However, there was nothing for it but to obey, and, much discomfited, they accordingly retired; but meeting the Sacristan, Lucangelo stopped and asked him whether the Curé would be in the confessional that afternoon, and at what hour. This Sacristan—a gruff, tyrannical old man—was the *dne damnée* of the Curé. He replied,

"You belong to the Civic Guard, do you not?"

They said that they did.

"Well, then," resumed the Sacristan, "you may spare yourself the time and trouble of coming back here. Not one of the Civic Guard shall receive the Sacrament on Easter Day."

At this terrible fiat, only too well confirmed by the Curé's refusal to hear their confession, the three rustics were seized with a panic—they had a vision of their names ignominiously placarded, as is still the custom in small villages, over the door of the church. They ran in hot haste to such of their friends as they knew to be in a similar predicament to their own; and, before an hour was over, all Rumelli was full of the news that Don Pio had declared—Don Pio, mark, and not the Sacristan—that none of those who belonged to the National

Guard should be allowed to take the Sacrament on Easter Sunday. Such was the substance of the statement made by Lucangelo to Barnaby. We withhold the old gardener's wrathful comments, on account both of their quality and quantity.

"You see how lucky it was that you did not act on your first angry impulse," said Vincenzo to Del Palmetto. "It would, as we now see, have put you quite in the wrong. If Don Pio has thrown the stone—which, for my part, I don't in the least doubt—he has taken good care that the hand from which it came should remain concealed. It is likely, too, that he has been served beyond his hopes by the gooseishness of Lucangelo and Co. Be this as it may, all we have heard has not given us a tittle of evidence against him. The putting off the confession of three penitents to another time is a course perfectly justifiable by precedent. The indiscreet zeal of that old dotard the Sacristan may be easily disavowed. And then what remains? Zero."

The defeated were the more galled the less they saw any means of reprisal. The natural corollary of this state of feeling was the growing coldness of the Castle towards the Parsonage, which the Parsonage was not slack in reciprocating, and that more markedly after the incident we are now about to relate. On Easter Eve the Del Palmettos and Vincenzo went to confession at a Convent of Capuchins not far off—the same where Rose's deceased spiritual director, Father Terenziano, had lived; and on the morrow they took the Communion at the parish church of Rumelli. Their having sought a confessor elsewhere was so little a measure of retaliation that husband and wife had determined upon doing so long before the late broils—in fact, from the moment they had learned what a fanatic Don Pio was, and what a liberal-minded confessor Vincenzo had found at the Convent above mentioned; but such a step was not the less resented by absolute Don Pio as an intentional slight. Materials for an explosion were thus accumulating on both sides.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT.

To perpetuate the memory of the granting of a free constitution, the Subalpine Legislature of 1851 passed a law which instituted a national holiday, under the title of *Festa dello Statuto*, to be kept annually on the second Sunday in May. The putting of this law into execution met with many difficulties from the clergy, who, especially since the abolition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, were anything but friendly to the Statuto. Indeed, except in towns of first and second-rate importance, where public opinion exercised a wholesome pressure on the reluctant ecclesiastical authorities, the honours paid to the national holiday were everywhere null or incomplete—null, where the local clergy had influence enough with the municipal body to deter them from any public demonstration; incomplete, where the municipal body had spirit enough to take the initiative as to the rejoicings, the local clergy, as a rule, abstaining. In saying this, we do not mean to allege that there were no exceptions to this rule. They were few, indeed, but there were some; as, for instance, Don Natale.

Thanks to his easy-going nature, and to his friendship for the Signor Avvocato—at that time still a Constitutionalist, at least in name—things had gone on smoothly at Rumelli on the second Sunday in May. Don Natale had arranged that, while he was taking off his robes in the vestry, the singers should begin the *Te Deum*—not the slow and pompous *Te Deum* reserved for great solemnities, but the quick and less imposing one used for minor occasions—in the middle of which Don Natale would, perhaps, show himself, but not in canonicals, and, standing by the singers' bench, join his voice now and then to theirs; and there was an end of the matter. This very lukewarm performance had been persevered in down to 1854; but in 1855 (Don Natale had just died, and Don Pio had been surrogated

to his place) the new curé had judged fit, with the Signor *Avvocato's* full approbation, to put an end even to that pretence of thanksgiving. It was very easily done. The choir received a peremptory injunction—to which they conformed, nothing loth—to leave their bench immediately after mass, and go about their business. The congregation loitered a little, stared at the empty bench, whispered, "It seems we are to have no *Te Deum* to-day," and took their departure. Two or three of the most daring, who ventured to ask Don Pio the cause of this novelty, received for answer that the Church could have no thanksgiving for the granting of a fundamental law under the rule of which holy monks and nuns might be robbed and despoiled, even of the right of prayer in common. This reply shut the mouth of the questioners, and of all who might be inclined to become such ; and for that year and the one ensuing (Vincenzo was absent on both occasions) the anniversary of the Statuto was no more commemorated at Rumelli than at Vienna or Timbuctoo.

But it was utterly impossible that this sort of shuffling should succeed in the present year, 1857, while the Del Palmettos were actually at the Castle. They neither could nor would remain quiescent, thus appearing to give their sanction to an act of omission which implied disparagement of that which they respected with all their hearts. They accordingly decided that, with or without Don Pio's concurrence, they would celebrate the second Sunday in May as a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing for the Statuto. Don Pio, when applied to, and respectfully requested by the Marquis to have a *Te Deum* sung, returned a flat refusal. Short of receiving an order to that effect from his ecclesiastical superior—an order which he had not received, and which he had every reason to believe he would not receive—Don Pio would abide by the precedent he had established. Del Palmetto urged the contrary precedent established by Don Natale.

"Don Natale acted according to his

conscience, and I according to mine," replied the priest."

"Then," said the Marquis, "you will not take it amiss if we go by ours, and if we do the little we can to honour an event which we consider a most happy and beneficial one."

The conciliatory tone of the young nobleman's language was belied by none of the acts which followed. While resolved to accomplish what they looked upon as a duty, the Del Palmettos were equally resolved to accomplish it in the way most calculated to spare, as far as possible, the feelings of the Curé, and, consequently, also those of the Signor *Avvocato* and his daughter. They made it a point, therefore, to say nothing of Don Pio's having refused his co-operation, and even abstained altogether from pronouncing his name in connexion with the approaching fête ; for that there was to be a little family fête at the Castle on the anniversary of the Statuto, of this they made no secret ; nor could they, even had they desired it, there being several men actually employed in erecting a scaffolding in front of the Castle for the display of fireworks. There were also preparations being made for an illumination. The Del Palmettos wished it so clearly to be understood that their fête was a family one, that they apologized to their habitual guests of Rumelli for not inviting any of them to dinner, on the plea that their party on that day was to be exclusively composed of relatives.

However modestly announced—or perhaps because so modestly announced—the Del Palmettos' forthcoming fête had put the whole village on the tiptoe of expectation ; and the approaches to the Castle on the important morning were besieged betimes by a large crowd eager to have the first view of the expected visitors. As nine o'clock was striking three carriages drove up, out of which got nine persons, three ladies and six gentlemen—four of these last officers. Was this only a beginning, or was it all ? Opinions were divided. A quarter after nine struck, then the half hour, then the three quarters, and no further arrivals.

Alas ! it was all—a conclusion which made the funds of the Castle fall ten per cent. in the estimation of the lookers-on ; but there was a proportionate rise the moment the party, issuing forth to Church, afforded the by-standers the opportunity for a nearer inspection. The *personnel* was scanty, it was true ; but then it was uncommonly good-looking, and quality made up for quantity. Could there be a finer specimen of an old gentleman than the one who walked in front with the Marchioness, evidently her father ?—or a more prepossessing young fellow than that lieutenant of the Bersaglieri, whose lithe erect figure, expressive olive countenance, and jet-black eyes and hair, allowed of no mistake as to his being the Marchioness's brother ? And that fair lady in the blue silk, leaning on the Marquis's arm—had she not the air and the step of a queen ?—and this, and that, and the other, was it not a pleasure to behold them ? By the time the party from the Castle had taken their seats in the Del Palmettos' side chapel, the funds of the Castle had jumped up to par again ; and when, after mass, the Marquis and Marchioness did the honours of the village to their guests, introducing to their notice, as they went along, the inhabitants *en masse*, and the notabilities one by one, the rise in the said funds reached to quotations unprecedented.

The least the village could do, under the circumstances, was to go after vespers and return the compliment to the Castle, and this it accordingly did, accompanied by the band as a matter of course ; even the Town Council thought fit to send a deputation. This last demonstration, made on such a day, was the more indicative of the actual temper of popular feeling, that it came from a body notoriously composed of partisans of Don Pio. What added piquancy to the affair was, that this deputation were ushered into the dining-hall just at the moment of the toast to the Statuto, and, whether they would or no, they had to drink it.

We have no time to spare for either the official or unofficial proceedings that

followed ; they differed in nothing from those we have repeatedly seen take place at the Palace. Suffice it to say that they were now gone through to the perfect satisfaction of all parties. The hospitality of the Castle, great as it was, proved only second to its graciousness. The Marquis and Marchioness went out frequently into the grounds to make sure that no one was forgotten or overlooked, and their guests mixed freely with the villagers. These latter looked pleased and animated, but as little actuated by any political feeling as if they were wholly ignorant of the cause and purport of the festival they were sharing in. There were lusty cheers for the inmates of the Castle as they passed to and fro among them, but as yet not one single voice had raised one single hurrah for the Statuto. Was this indifference, or was it fear of Don Pio ? Whatever the cause, it gave way before one of those irresistible impulses which seize upon a crowd with the instantaneousness of an electric shock. It was *à propos* of a numerous cavalcade of Del Palmetto's brother officers, a dozen of them at least, who came rattling up to the Castle about six in the evening. Both the sight and the sound were inspiring ; and when, before dismounting, the cavaliers waved their shakoes and cried, "Viva lo Statuto !" off went all the rural hats and caps present in joyous sympathy, and every rustic throat joined in a hearty shout for the Statuto.

We must not omit to note that there was by this time, mixed with the local population assembled in the Castle grounds, a good sprinkling of mechanics from Ibella, who had come to see the fête, and contribute to the success of such a novelty in Rumelli as the commemoration of the granting of the Statuto. It was, most likely, with these that the above responsive shouts had originated, but the cry being taken up so quickly and lustily, abundantly showed that it answered to a desire generally felt. Certain it is that, from this moment, the fête assumed a decided political colour ; witness the toasts to

the Statuto which went off like crackers from one table after the other, and the snatches of patriotic songs, which every now and then swelled into a chorus. The band caught the infection and struck up "*L'Italia si desta*," an attempt which at first proved abortive, none of the performers knowing by heart beyond the first three or four bars of the tune. Seeing which, they had to send for the music, and in fact wholly retrieved their honour by playing nothing else as long as it was light. As is generally the case, the darker it grew the louder waxed the clamour and the mirth ; until the whizz of the first rocket came to act as a stopper on the hubbub. The fireworks went off admirably amid alternations of dead silence and of deafening cheers ; and, when, after the dazzling splendours of the "bouquet," the *façade* of the Castle, pitch-dark for one moment, blazed up, as if by magic, with *Viva lo Statuto*, traced in flaming characters of gas, then one immense joyous cry rent the air, and the Statuto was acclaimed for some minutes with a sort of frenzy. Fancy how agreeably tickled by such sounds must have been Don Pio's acoustic nerves ; set on edge already as they were by the patriotic performance of the band. The illumination of the Castle was the climax of the entertainment ; the good folks loitered yet awhile to enjoy the *coup d'œil*, to admire and to criticise—there's never any lack of critics, be the assemblage large or small—and then the grounds began slowly to empty. Most of the Rumellians went to their homes and their beds ; a few of the youths of the place, and the majority of the Ibellians, roamed through the village in search of fresh sport, and fresh sport they soon found.

A squad of urchins, determined to have their illumination also, were busily engaged opposite to the church square, heaping up materials, brought from the adjoining fields and hedges, for a bonfire. You need not ask whether or not the new comers lent a willing hand ; and, the pile having soon reached—thanks to their active assistance—to

respectable proportions, it was set fire to amidst a perfect volley of merry shouts. Now, the spot for this harmless *auto-da-fé*, being isolated from all habitations, was judiciously chosen in so far as the safety of the village from conflagration was concerned, but it had the serious disadvantage of being overlooked by one of the back-windows of the parsonage. Presently this window was opened, and Don Pio's voice was heard asking, in its harshest tones, What was going on down below there, and if they meant to set the place on fire. This interrogation was answered by a burst of hisses and groans ; and a threat which followed of coming out to punish the offenders, was received with a renewed cry of "*Viva lo Statuto ! Down with the Codini !*" whereupon the window was noisily shut to an accompaniment of crowing, barking, mewing, grunting, squeaking, and what not. Don Pio had the prudence not to commit himself any further, and let the bonfire and the excitement spend themselves unopposed, which came to pass in good time. The party from Ibella marched off the ground in military order ; and, with a parting salutation to Don Pio in the shape of another hearty "*Down with the Codini ! down with Don Pio !*" bellowed beneath his very windows, they left Rumelli to finish its slumbers in peace. The young men of the town had, in truth, a crow to pick with Don Pio, for having suppressed the fête of the Statuto, and also for having so changed and enfeebled that old favourite of theirs, the Signor Avvocato.

The Marquis and Marchioness knew nothing of this episode until the morrow. The Marchioness first heard all the particulars from Signora Candia, who had had them fresh from no less an authority than Don Pio. Don Pio, entirely silent as to any provocation having been given, represented the whole affair as a premeditated insult to himself ; the violence of the assailants might be easily conjectured from the insolent sentences chalked over the parsonage door, "*Down with the Codini ! down with Don Pio !*"

Signora Candia had seen this with her own eyes. She felt strongly on the subject and expressed herself strongly, and so did the Signor Avvocato, who could not sufficiently regret that the Castle, by the demonstration it had made, should have set an example which had led to such excesses. The Marchioness, with much warmth, disclaimed any such responsibility, and threw it back upon those who opposed the general feeling of the community. The Castle had simply exercised a right, and fulfilled a duty, with all due moderation. In fact, the only example the Castle had given was that of respect to the laws of the country. If others had done the contrary, they had done so at their risk and peril; if there had been excesses—which, however, she was not inclined to believe—let the proper authorities prosecute the offenders; there was justice for every one in the land, thank God!

"Except for Ecclesiastics," quoth the old gentleman.

"Indeed, Signor Avvocato, you calumniate your country," was the quick retort.

It made her lose in one instant the place she had secured in his good graces by the attentions of months. But the Marchioness's blood was up.

To widen the split, there came a flaming article in *The Citizen*, the Radical paper of Ibella. It was headed, "*Post tenebras Lux.*" It gave an extravagant description, through three columns and a half, of the fête at the Castle; every item of which—hospitality, illuminations, fireworks, concourse of people, and enthusiasm—was on an unparalleled scale. The conclusion ran thus:—

"Are we to consider this as a mere '*ignis fatuus*'? We can answer emphatically, No. We are able to give all friends of liberty the glad tidings that Rumelli is definitively gained over to the cause of progress. We can ask no better voucher of the fact than the name of Captain Del Palmetto and his worthy lady, née Signora Ombelli, who have put themselves frankly at

"the head of the Liberal party there. The blighting influences which for the last two years have preponderated in the village and its environs have now received their death-blow. We are happy and proud to be the first to record this fresh victory of the spirit of the age, a spirit so worthily represented at Rumelli by the accomplished givers of a fête which marks a new era in the annals of that little and interesting community. *Post tenebras Lux.*"

Copies of the paper containing this rhapsody were liberally disseminated through the parish. The barber's shop, the chandler's shop, each received one by the post, and so did Don Pio, and the mayor, and the councillors, and all the principal inhabitants; all except the Signor Avvocato, an exception which proved beyond all doubt that the distribution of this number of *The Citizen* must have taken place under the superintendence of the Castle, for the Castle naturally wished to spare the feelings of the Palace. And the fact of the superintendence, once ascertained, of necessity implied the other fact, that the article had been inspired, if not actually composed and written, by the Del Palmettos. The feeling of Rumelli was unanimous on this point, and the earnest denials of the master and mistress of the Castle, who regretted the incident more than anybody, only served to confirm and root more deeply the common sentiment. The only person who dissented was Don Pio, too clear-sighted not to perceive at a glance the flagrant contradiction which existed between this act of open defiance, and the temperate behaviour of the Castle throughout the whole affair. However, it mattered little who had, or who had not, thrown down the gauntlet—it sufficed that it had been thrown, that public opinion indicated a certain party as having thrown it for him to lift it; he must do so, or farewell his authority—and so he did lift it.

Don Pio, on the next Sunday, addressed his flock from the pulpit on the events that had taken place on the preceding Lord's Day. He said he much

regretted to have to state that serious disorderly conduct had marked a day especially intended for rest and prayer. Their pastor, in the privacy of his domestic abode, had been made the butt of much coarse abuse and invective, nay, had even been threatened. A furious gang, in the dead of night, had laid a sort of siege to the parsonage, and left on its door, amid vociferations and imprecations worthy of savages—testimonies of the fiendish passions by which they were animated—expressions of hatred and contempt too disgusting to be repeated in a holy place. Don Pio hoped and trusted that none of his parishioners had taken any part in this disgraceful scene ; if any of them had, so little was he prompted by resentment that he did not wish to know ; he pardoned them from the bottom of his heart. His motive for at all referring to the painful subject was the opportunity it afforded him of deducing from it a practical moral, of pressing upon his hearers a sound piece of advice. Don Pio's piece of advice to his flock was from henceforth not to let themselves be prevailed upon, under any circumstances, to keep any other festivals than those instituted by "our holy mother, the Church." The dangers of a contrary course were too clearly illustrated by the incidents of the Sunday before. In the Church alone was vested the power to establish obligatory fêtes ; those imposed by the State were not binding on the conscience. The Church, assisted by the Holy Ghost, was an infallible guide, and as such was to be blindly and implicitly trusted in ; whereas the State, with no safer beacon than that Will-o'-the-wisp, called human wisdom, was liable to err, and to lead others into error. Nobody, for instance, was ignorant that under the very shadow of that Statuto (the recurrence of the anniversary of which many would fain make an occasion of rejoicing) unpardonable acts of oppression and spoliation had been committed against both the secular and the regular clergy. . . .

At this point of Don Pio's harangue the Marchioness Del Palmetto rose from

her seat and, followed by her husband, walked out of the church. The sensation created by their sudden exit may be more easily imagined than described. The Curé had to abridge the explanation of the Gospel, and to go through the second part of the Mass in a hurry, so palpable was the impatience of the congregation to be at liberty to discuss the great event. Indeed, it was the talk of all Rumelli, and nowhere was it commented upon and discussed more thoroughly, or with more spirit, than at the Castle itself, where there happened to be on that very day a large dinner-party, exclusively composed of Rumellians, to whom the noble hosts thought themselves bound in common civility to explain the motives of their behaviour that morning. They had gone to church, they said, to be edified, and not to listen to political lucubrations, still less to hear the fundamental law of the land reviled and traduced. Don Pio had no more right to attack the Statuto from the pulpit than a deputy to fall foul of a dogma, or to preach a schism from his seat in Parliament. It was much against the grain that they had left so abruptly, but on no account would they even for a moment seem to countenance by their presence, language against which their consciences protested. No, never again would they set foot in a church, where party spirit, instead of the spirit of the Gospel, inspired the language held in the pulpit. This, and much more that they added, the Marquis and Marchioness knew full well would be reported to Don Pio by some of those present, and they were not sorry for it ; nor did they in the least shrink from saying it all to Don Pio's face on the very first opportunity that occurred.

From this day the rupture between the Castle and the Parsonage was complete. Faithful to their word, the Del Palmettos never again set foot in the parish church, but went regularly to Ibella to hear mass on all succeeding Sundays and fête-days. Del Palmetto again took up, and with renewed vigour, his lately abandoned scheme of the National Guard—this time with perfect

success. Next Easter was too far off as yet to serve as a scarecrow, and Don Pio had the mortification of seeing his noble antagonist—who of course had been elected captain—drilling his men in the Church Square on every Saturday afternoon. An active canvass was also begun, and vigorously pursued, the avowed object of which was the ousting of the *Piani* (the adherents of Don Pio) from the Town Council, and filling their places by *Marchesotti* (as the partisans of the Castle had been nicknamed), at the next election of 1858. By this time those *Piani* who had still continued to visit at the Castle after the rupture, had gradually withdrawn, and the Castle had become what the Marquis had meant to make it from the beginning, the head-quarters of the Opposition.

Meanwhile the intercourse between the Castle and the Palace lived on as well as it could, or rather, as well as the Castle's firm determination not to let it die, could keep it alive. The visits of the Del Palmettos, those especially of the Marchioness, met, indeed, with little encouragement in a region so devoted to Don Pio ; but so long as they lasted they accounted for, and, so to speak, justified the daily ones paid by Vincenzo to the Castle, and which were positive life to him. Vincenzo had necessarily experienced at home the recoil of the passions which were rending peaceful Rumelli in twain—dividing it into two hostile camps. What did he care ? What did a few pin-pricks matter to him, the spoiled child of a friendship as pure as it was elevated ? The Castle was his real home—there, he felt among his own, in that sympathetic atmosphere alone did his intellectual and affective lungs—we, each of us have a pair somewhere—breathe and expand freely ; his looks were less wan, his breath less short, his step less heavy, than some months before had been the case. The very excitement of the strife going on around him did him good ; he could not help taking some interest in it, though convinced it would burst like a bubble the moment those who had produced it should be gone. Were

they, then, about to go ? Alas ! yea. Del Palmetto's five months' leave of absence expired with the month of August. The time for their departure drew nearer and nearer—it came at last.

The Marchioness would not go away without making a last effort in Vincenzo's behalf, or rather without accomplishing what she considered a duty. One day that she found Rose alone, she gave her, with the utmost prudence and gentleness, some hints as to the delicate state of Vincenzo's health. She was sure, that Signora Candia must have remarked how little he ate, and how easily he was put out of breath. Did she not think that a change of air and scene, and perhaps some agreeable and regular occupation, might prove beneficial to him ? There were certain organizations, certain temperaments—the Marchioness had known of such—for which work of some kind or other was a condition, *sine qua non*, of good health.

Signora Candia answered that her husband had always been more or less delicate, nor had she noticed any change in him for the worse, though, truth to say, she had seen so little of him lately that, of the two, the Marchioness must be a better judge than herself of how he was. If Signor Candia wished for change of air, no one detained him at home—he was free to go ; and why should he not avail himself of the present opportunity to do so, in such excellent company ?

The Marchioness chose not to perceive the palpable irony of the suggestion, and replied, with great coolness, " Had Signor Candia expressed any wish to accompany us, we should be only too happy to have his society ; but he has said nothing of the kind ; we are only his friends, and do not consider ourselves entitled to interfere in so delicate a matter, or to give advice which by right ought to come from those nearer and dearer to him. After all, since you feel no uneasiness on Signor Candia's account, I take it for granted that you know best, and that there is

no ground for anxiety. All I have to do is to beg you to forgive me for having broached so disagreeable a subject."

This interview impressed upon the Marchioness's mind the double conviction, that Signora Candia loved her husband enough to be jealous of him, and that the hint she had thrown out in reference to Vincenzo's health was not likely to be lost. And thus she was a little re-assured as to Vincenzo's future welfare. We pass over the parting hour; it was painful to those who went; to him who remained, it was awful. The offers of service which the Del Palmettos pressed on their friend were as unlimited as they were cordial and sincere.

"If ever you alter your mind, and feel inclined to give your country the benefit of your labour, remember you have only a line to write, and a place worthy of your talents will be ready for you at any moment." Such were the parting words of the Marchioness to Candia.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE GREAT PEACEMAKER.

On the morrow, when the usual hour for his going to the Castle arrived, Vincenzo. . . . But what is the use of entering into any detailed account of his misery? The task is too sickening for us to undertake it. Suffice it to say that Vincenzo felt as if he had never before known what it was to be alone and miserable and hopeless. For the following three months his mind and body were in a continuous state of collapse. He was perfectly conscious of the fact, and anything but sorry for it.

On a wet day in early December, it might be four o'clock in the afternoon, Vincenzo was lying on his bed, dreaming wide awake, as usual, when he was startled out of his reverie by a succession of piercing screams from Rose. He hurried down stairs, went into his wife's apartment—it was empty—rushed

to that of the Signor Avvocato; ran through the two first rooms, and in the third and last, he came upon a sight which for an instant made his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth. Stretched at full length on the floor, near the foot of the bed, lay the ponderous form of the Signor Avvocato, to all appearance lifeless; Rose was kneeling by his side trying to lift up his head. "Quick, for Don Pio, somebody, run directly for Don Pio." Such were her first words at the sound of approaching footsteps; she could not see who had come, her back being turned to the door. The excitement of the moment supplied Vincenzo with energies, of which five seconds before he would not have believed himself capable. He snatched the pillows off the bed, pushed them under the prostrate head, flew into the next room, opened the window, shouted for help, and in a twinkling was again standing by his godfather.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"I don't know," was Rose's answer. "It might have been three o'clock when I left Papa; he begged me to go away, as he felt so heavy and drowsy, and inclined to sleep. I went down stairs to count over some linen, which took me rather a long time. I was listening all the while though, for any noise overhead. I heard none whatever. When I came up about an hour after" sobs here stopped her utterance. The household were now flocking in one after the other—the cook, the housemaid, Marianna, Giuseppe, were all there. "Quick, quick, go for Don Pio," Rose kept on repeating; but not one of the servants stirred; they seemed spell-bound, the women already beginning to wail.

"Hush!" cried Vincenzo; "instead of weeping, make yourselves useful; bring me some cold water and some vinegar. You, Giuseppe, look sharp, take the carriage and drive to Ibella, as if for your life, and bring back with you Doctor B. or Doctor N.; or stay, better bring them both. You, Carlo, take the gig to Rumelli; go first to the

Parsonage, and tell Don Pio he is wanted at the Palace in a hurry ; tell him why, but don't stop for him—make all haste to old Geronimo, and bring him and his lancet-case here at full gallop. The quicker you are, the greater the chances of saving your master's life." Then turning to Barnaby, who might think himself ill-used if he had nothing to do (only that poor Barnaby was too terror-stricken to think of anything but his master), Vincenzo added, "Come by me, Barnaby, we want your help ;" and Barnaby was made to assist prominently in the application of the usual restoratives in such cases—too familiar for us to spend any words in describing them. They proved fruitless. The old gentleman's teeth being tightly locked, there was no possibility of forcing any cordial down his throat.

The first of all the persons sent for who made his appearance was naturally old Geronimo. Why so called, considering he was old neither in age nor looks, we cannot say, unless it were on account of his proverbial taciturnity.

Old Geronimo was a retired army surgeon of that inferior class—now, we believe, done away with—which went under the name of phlebotomists, and whose only business was to bleed and apply leeches. He asked no questions, but, going straight to the unconscious Signor Avvocato, knelt down by him, and began with a large pair of scissors to slit up the left-arm sleeve of his dressing-gown and those of his shirt and flannel waistcoat.

"Are you going to bleed him?" asked Rose, in some alarm. Old Geronimo turned his eyes on her, as much as to say, "For what else was I brought here?" and then coolly proceeded with his preparations ; which being finished, he opened a vein, and let the blood flow freely. At this juncture, Don Pio stole in on tiptoe. Rose went up to him, and, drawing him into a corner, said something to him in a whisper, and then resumed her place by her father. Don Pio followed her ; inspected the patient closely, felt his pulse, his hands and feet, and nodded affirmatively to

her. She had asked him whether he thought it had been right to bleed her father. The taking away of blood had, however, worked no change for the better ; the Signor Avvocato lay motionless as before, to all appearance dead or dying. Don Pio, after repeatedly leaning over his face, put on his stole and began reciting the prayers for those in the agony of death. Rose, on her knees to the right of her father, tried in vain to repress her sobs ; near her was old Geronimo, his eyes fixed on the Signor Avvocato. Vincenzo and Barnaby stood on the left ; they were scarcely less moved than the sobbing daughter. Grouped in the background were the servants, some terrified, some loudly weeping. The scene was the exact reproduction of Vincenzo's dream at Turin ; with this difference, however, that he was at the Palace—and oh ! what a comfort it was to him to be there !

At the end of twenty interminable minutes of this awful suspense, the pale lips began to quiver—a pin might have been heard to drop—but there issued forth no sound. Old Geronimo speedily forced a spoon, full of some cordial, between the half-opened teeth—this was swallowed, thank God ; then the eyes half-opened, but only to close again and then again ; at last they remained wide open, and stared slowly round. They had a distracted look as they travelled from face to face ; the moment they fell upon that of Vincenzo, the wildness in them softened, the rigidity of the countenance relaxed by degrees, especially about the mouth, and melted into a sweet smile. Had the expression of intense agony convulsing his son-in-law's features gone straight to the old man's heart and conquered it anew ? or had his apoplexy struck off the tablets of his memory a whole set of relatively recent disagreeable impressions, leaving associations of a far older date, and far more agreeable also, intact and fresh ? just as lightning will strike dead some young branches, leaving alive some old ones on the same tree.

Vincenzo, who was not prepared for this change, in a transport of tenderness

leaned forward over his father-in-law, threw both arms round his neck, and kissed him on the forehead. At sight of this act a murmur of pleasure ran through the room, and all eyes moistened. Rose spoke cheerfully to her father, and so did Don Pio. The Signor Avvocato listened to them, nodded his head, would fain have spoken, as was evident from the motion of his lips, but could form no articulate sound—nothing save that bubbling noise which persons shuddering with cold are apt to make.

All this time the old gentleman was lying on the bare ground—too uncomfortable a position for him to be left in ; and yet to lift so ponderous a body as the Signor Avvocato's on to the bed not only offered serious difficulties of accomplishment, but might be fatally injurious to one still labouring under such an alarming attack. Old Geronimo, in this dilemma, brought his experience of similar cases into play ; he suggested that a couple of mattresses should be laid on the floor, and then the patient slipped gently upon them—an operation which required the united exertions of all present, but which was safely managed. They then proceeded to make this temporary couch as comfortable as circumstances would permit ; and then Rose dismissed the servants, with the exception of Barnaby, and she and Don Pio, Geronimo, Vincenzo, and the old gardener, brought chairs and sat round the shake-down, keeping silent watch over the old gentleman, who lay very quiet, giving no indication whatever of being in pain. Indeed, he dozed almost constantly, awoke from time to time with a slight start, his eyes wandering with a restless expression, which vanished whenever his glance fell on Vincenzo. He would then again drop off to sleep.

At nine in the evening Giuseppe returned from Ibella with one of the doctors sent for, who immediately proceeded to a careful examination of the patient, in the course of which he put several questions to him, which met with no more articulate answer than the bubbling sound mentioned above. The doctor, in reply to Rose's anxious in-

quiries, said that she need not be so much alarmed by this symptom, which, nine times out of ten, was only temporary ; it was rare that, in cases of congestion, the nerves presiding over the functions of speech should not be more or less affected. The doctor, on the whole, seemed tolerably easy about the old gentleman ; his having been so promptly bled had been of the greatest service—had, indeed, probably saved his life. There was nothing more to be done for the present—absolute abstinence from food, although drink might be given in moderation if asked for ; this was all. Should any new symptoms be observed during the night, he begged he might be immediately called ; otherwise there was no necessity for his seeing the patient before the morning ; and then the doctor said good night, and retired to the room which had been prepared for him. Don Pio and old Geronimo took their leave. Vincenzo and Barnaby each put a mattress on the floor, and lay down dressed as they were. Vincenzo was dead tired. Rose had a bed made up for herself in the adjoining room, and half an hour afterwards the house was as silent as if it were uninhabited.

The Signor Avvocato passed a good night. The doctor was very early by the sick-bed, and this time subjected his patient to a far more minute and close examination than that of the previous night. Vincenzo observed, among other things, that the doctor, keeping his eyes firmly rivetted all the while on the Signor Avvocato's countenance, pinched and stroked his legs and arms very hard ; not a muscle of the sick man's face moved. The doctor's fiat, nevertheless, was, or at least sounded, altogether reassuring. No fever, no plethora, no coma, no difficulty of respiration. The nervous centres, it was true, had not yet recovered from the shock that they had sustained, nor would do so, in all likelihood, yet a while. Science might do a little to hasten the salutary action of time, and to this effect he recommended the immediate application of a blister to the nape of the neck, and

frictions with flannel along the spine thrice a day, each friction to last a quarter of an hour. Light food was to be given occasionally, always in small quantities ; no wine or other stimulant at all. Should the Signor Avvocato (it was better to be prepared for all contingencies) grow suddenly restless, and also become red in the face, with red streaks in the eye-balls, the lancet must be had recourse to without delay. But he hoped there would be no necessity for that. If everything went on well, he saw no objection to the old gentleman being lifted—of course, as gently as possible—and placed in his bed towards the afternoon ; and, winding up with the promise of returning on the morrow, the doctor made his bow. Vincenzo and Rose accompanied him, with many thanks, down the stairs. While doing this, Vincenzo felt a light tap on his shoulder from the doctor, who was behind him, which he interpreted at once as a sign that the medical man wished to speak to him in private. The doctor, in fact, desired Giuseppe, who was already at the bottom of the perron with the carriage, to go and wait for him at the gate of the avenue. "I feel rather stiff," he added, "and I shall be better for a little walk." Vincenzo insisted on accompanying him, and Rose left them.

As soon as they had cleared the flight of steps leading into the avenue, the doctor, passing his arm under Vincenzo's, said, "Do you know whether your father-in-law has made any arrangements—I mean, made his will?"

"Indeed, I have not the least idea," gasped Vincenzo, horrified. "Why do you ask?"

"In case he has not done so, to impress upon you the urgency of getting him to do it the moment he recovers his speech, if he ever should."

"Is he, then, in danger?" exclaimed Vincenzo.

"For the moment, no more than you or I—but—you are a man, and I may speak frankly to you—but I do not believe he will survive a second attack, and I am sorry to say a second attack is inevitable."

"Inevitable?" repeated Vincenzo ; "can you, then, do nothing to avert it?"

"Alas ! I could martyrize him to no purpose, and that is what I will not do. He is paralyzed from head to foot, his nervous system is shattered—don't you see that his intelligence is already obscured, and will grow more so every day. I am grieved to be obliged to distress you, but . . . forewarned is forearmed. It is in your interest that I speak."

"I have only one interest—that he should live," returned Vincenzo.

"In that case, recommend him to God Almighty, who alone can work a miracle. Hullo ! what's the matter with you?"

Vincenzo, what with emotion and the exertion of walking, was nearly exhausted, and had to stop to recover his breath.

"You are yourself ill, my dear sir," exclaimed the Doctor ; "I can scarcely find your pulse. Take my advice ; turn back and go to your bed at once."

"I don't feel ill, only weak ; it's of no consequence," said Vincenzo.

"I beg your pardon ; weakness, when it reaches this degree, constitutes an illness of itself. Go to your bed, I say."

"That's impossible just now."

"Well, at least, do not over-exert yourself ; above all, don't sit up late at night ; I positively forbid it. There are people enough at the Palace to nurse your father-in-law without you. Follow my advice, I beg of you ; and good-bye for the present."

The Doctor jumped into the carriage, and Vincenzo went up the Avenue again, with heavy tottering steps, and a still heavier heart. He might have been absent half an hour. Rose met him at the door of the sick-room :

"How long you have been, Vincenzo ! Papa has been fretting after you all this time."

It was quite a novelty for Vincenzo to hear himself addressed by his christian name, and in so gentle a tone. The Signor Avvocato's face was slightly flushed ; there was a frown on his

brow and anger in his eyes. Vincenzo hurried forwards, and, leaning over him, stroked his forehead, speaking at the same time cheerfully and kindly : as if by magic, the wrinkled brow grew smooth again, and the eyes and mouth smiled. Don Pio called early and stayed for some hours, now and then addressing words of encouragement, or pious exhortations, to the sick man, who, truth to say, hardly seemed to heed the Curé at all. The Signor Avvocato ate with evident pleasure the little that was given him ; Vincenzo it was who had to put the food into his mouth, and, so long as he could see Vincenzo, he lay quiet, with a look of contentment—save, indeed, when the operation of transferring to the bed the mattress, with him on it, was undertaken, a change of which he expressed his disapprobation as explicitly as a dumb man might, and to which all Vincenzo's caressing words and smiles could scarcely reconcile him. Vincenzo, Rose, and Barnaby, took their meals on a small table placed close to the bed. That Barnaby should so easily be prevailed upon to sit at table with his young mistress—he who had resisted the entreaties to do so of two generations of his masters—was another decisive proof that the good old fellow had fairly broken down.

Days swelled into weeks without bringing any amendment in the patient's power of speech, or of motion, or of understanding. The doctor from Ibella called regularly three times a week, professed himself satisfied with the Signor Avvocato's state, and for the rest, inculcated patience and a reliance on the action of time. Dr. Moreri, who had been telegraphed for, came from Turin, approved of all that had been done by his medical brother of Ibella, delivered a sort of lecture upon the sluggishness of the nervous centres, once interfered with, to resume their functions, and further spoke of the mud-baths at Acqui as worth trying in the spring. "But it was a long while yet to spring," observed Rose ; "in the meantime, might her father leave

his bed?" Certainly, he not only might but ought to do so, always provided he was properly attended to, and care was taken not to shake or fatigue him. Signora Candia must not anticipate the possibility of her father being able to stand ; but he might be able to sit in a half-recumbent position, less fatiguing than always lying at length. At Turin, under the Portici of la Fiera, there were to be had couches on castors, a new invention for invalids, which, by a very gentle pressure, could be raised or lowered at will. Perhaps, the Signor Avvocato being uncommonly bulky, it might not be easy to find one of these couches to suit him ready made, but one could be ordered.

Signora Candia had all the requisite measurements taken, went to Turin herself, and ordered one of these invalid chairs, which, thanks to the extra price she volunteered to give, was finished in a relatively short time and sent to Rumelli. It was wheeled in triumph into the sick-room, shown to the Signor Avvocato, and its use and intention explained to him—the comfort it would be to him to change his position by sitting in it enlarged upon, all to his seeming satisfaction, so long as the demonstration was confined to theory ; but, when the moment arrived for putting the theory into practice, and the first step to that end was taken by dressing the old gentleman, such was the horror he betrayed at the novelty, he grew so cross and excited and red in the face, that, from fear of consequences, the attempt had to be given up ; nor could he be restored to his usual tranquillity and serenity, until the obnoxious piece of furniture was removed out of his sight.

It must be here noted that full three weeks had now elapsed since the Signor Avvocato's seizure, and communication with him—such communication, at least, as could be had with a speechless person—had become somewhat more easy to those in constant attendance upon him. Rose, Vincenzo, and Don Pio—(Barnaby was too deaf and too stunned to have much perception of

anything)—had come by dint of habit to fix a precise meaning to each of the inarticulate sounds emitted by the sick man. They knew, for instance, by the peculiar intonation, when it was his daughter or Vincenzo that he wanted, when he wished for food or drink, when he meant yes or no, enough or more, &c. As to how far his comprehension went of what others said, there was a great difference of opinion. Vincenzo thought that he understood very little ; Don Pio, that he understood a good deal, especially on certain days ; and Rose, that he comprehended everything and always ; but with her the wish was probably father to the belief. Rose was most anxious that her father should receive the Sacrament ; but this he could not do without having first confessed, and confess he could not, unless he was in the full enjoyment of his understanding. The terror lest he should die without having taken the Sacrament had been haunting her, day and night, ever since his illness.

One thing was certain, that Don Pio, in his character of the Signor Avvocato's spiritual guide, was the most competent judge as to whether his penitent was in a befitting condition or not for confession ; and Don Pio, one morning, declared his penitent to be lucid enough for that purpose. Accordingly, Vincenzo was requested to leave the room, which he did ; not, however, without observing that the Signor Avvocato's medical man ought first to have been consulted as to the safety of the step. Rose answered this objection by affirming that she had asked and obtained the physician's authorization long ago. There was nothing more to say, and so the confession was proceeded with. When, after the interval of a good half-hour, Vincenzo was again admitted, he found his godfather dreadfully excited, and he had to use all his influence to soothe him into calmness again. Seeing this, he urged the expediency of putting off the Communion to the morrow. Rose explained that this could not be done, Don Pio having already gone to fetch the Host. Vincenzo then entreated her to go, and

herself see that there was no ringing of the bell within hearing of the sick room, and also to give orders that no one should enter it, not even the house ; no one, in fact, except Don Pio. Rose willingly agreed to follow his advice. Owing to these precautions, and, probably, yet more to Vincenzo's presence and gentle encouragement, the Sacrament was administered without any impediment—indeed, without the Signor Avvocato betraying any special uneasiness. We need hardly mention that all Rumelli had accompanied the Host to the Palace—those of the inhabitants who happened to be at work in the fields hastening, at the sound of the Communion-bell, to join the impromptu procession. It required all Don Pio's authority, and Signora Rose's popularity, to keep the crowd from entering the house ; the feminine portion being almost frantic with disappointment at this deprivation of what they considered their right. In small rural places, it is, in fact, a sort of right, based on custom, for neighbours to go and have a peep at the dying persons on the occasion of their receiving the Eucharist.

Up to this day the godfather's predilection for his godson had made the latter somewhat of a slave ; from this day he literally and altogether became the old man's victim. No respite for Vincenzo by day or by night—the Signor Avvocato could not bear to lose sight of him for a moment. There was the waywardness of a child to manage, and the wants of an infirm old man to minister to. The Signor Avvocato generally slept from nine or ten in the evening to three or four o'clock in the morning ; and, as he could not bear to remain alone, the moment he awoke he summoned Vincenzo to his side. He was not difficult, it is true, as to the diversions chosen for his amusement. Vincenzo had only to show him the pictures in a book, or to read aloud to him, or even merely to sit by the bed, and speak to him from time to time, to make the old gentleman look quite contented. But even this entailed on Vincenzo an almost total loss of sleep ; for,

in his state of nervous excitement, the result of anxiety and exhaustion, it was seldom that he fell asleep before midnight, or even one in the morning. Indeed, he never, any night, laid himself down on his mattress, without asking himself, with terror, whether he should be equal to getting up on the morrow, and praying God that it might be so. Rose, with the best will in the world, could do nothing to relieve her husband ; if she went, instead of him, to answer her father's call, an angry jerk of the sick man's head warned her that she was not the one he wanted. Rose was evidently uneasy about Vincenzo's health. Supposing that the Marchioness's broad hints on that score had produced no effect, the doctor's reiterated warnings to Vincenzo against sitting up late at night at all events had.

Rose was now thoroughly awake to the dangers of over-exertion for her husband, and more than once lately he had caught her eye fixed on him full of a tender anxiety. Could it be that the Marchioness's conjectures were well-founded, and that the partiality shown for him by a young and handsome woman had awakened Signora Candia to a sense of her husband's merits ? Or was it the revival of her father's fondness for his godson, and the rich return it met with, which had pleaded in his favour and touched her heart ? Whatever the cause, or causes—and each of those we have enumerated had, probably, its share in the result—the fact is that Rose's feelings were singularly softened towards her husband.

As to poor Barnaby, his part in the sick room was more that of an incubance than a help. It seemed as if the same stroke which had rendered his master speechless and motionless, had done the same to him. He would sit for hours, his hands on his knees, looking about him vacantly, like a man in a dream. When he got up from his seat, which he did with difficulty, it was to shuffle along, bent double, here and there, without any apparent object but that of making himself believe that he was of some use, and then he would sit

down again and relapse into listlessness. Perhaps if Rose, or Vincenzo, or Don Pio, or indeed any one belonging to the household, came in his way, he would whisper a question, always the same—"Do you think he will ever come round ?" immediately adding, "I don't." These were the only words that had passed his lips since the fatal evening ; at the same time he kept his watch faithfully, even to the last, like a *sentinel perdu*. Vincenzo could not help a tear at sight of the good old man, his own faithful friend, so sadly broken down.

One very stormy night, late in January, that Vincenzo could not sleep, less from the noise of the incessant peals of thunder than from the effects on his shattered nerves of the electricity in the air, he saw, or fancied that he saw, by the glare of a flash of lightning, the Signor Avvocato start up with a sudden jerk, as though he strove to assume a sitting posture. Vincenzo sprang to the bed, and found his godfather with his head hanging over the side, and quite black in the face. In an instant he had given the alarm, and the whole house was on foot. Old Geronimo and Don Pio were sent for ; and, in the meanwhile, water and cordials, and strong scents were tried, in the desperate hope of restoring the old gentleman's consciousness. This time Geronimo's lancet was of no avail. The Signor Avvocato was dead.

Don Pio and Rose remained the whole night in prayer by the corpse. Vincenzo, who would fain have done the same, before long fell into a deep sleep, and was removed to a bed in the adjoining room. Amid the general bewilderment caused by the fatal event, nobody had thought of Barnaby, who continued to lie quietly on his mattress. At break of day Rose went and called him. No answer. She then touched him on the shoulder. Barnaby was stiff dead. God in His mercy had spared the affectionate old servant the trial he had most dreaded—that of seeing his master die first.

* *To be continued.*

THREADS.

- I.** THE metal sleeps in its hidden vein,
The blue-eyed flax waves over the plain,
The silk-worm spins on the mulberry-leaf;
Days are spinning their joy and grief.

Threads are a-twining, manifold,
Of flax, hemp, cotton, and silk, and gold;
For joyous Beauty, for Soldier proud,
For work-dress, cable, halter, and shroud.

From fields of sense, and mines of thought,
Threads of life are twisted and wrought:
We are weaving Character, weaving Fate,
And Human History, little and great.

- II.** This is worth noting: wit's controll'd by dulness;
The deepest thought can scarce be said in fulness;
Elixir to the blood of two or three,
Poison to lives of common men 'twould be.

- III.** Earth's night is where she rolls
In her own shade;
And even thus the Soul's
Dark hour is made

- IV.** O Heroes, ye comfort my brotherly heart!
O Scoundrels, too often with you is my part!

WRITING.

- V.** A man who keeps a diary pays
Due toll to many tedious days;
But life becomes eventful, then
His busy hand forgets the pen.
Most books, indeed, are records less
Of fulness than of emptiness.

- VI.** In a deeper sense than the common
A skeleton typifies Death,
Death being the bones of a fact,
Wanting the blood and the breath.

- VII.** Virtue's Toleration
Is sweet as flowers in May;
Vice's Toleration
Has a perfume of decay.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CLOSING OF A CORRESPONDENCE
BETWEEN "DEAR SIR" AND "YOURS FAITHFULLY."

BIG as the world is, it turns round every day upon a fine axle. In truth—so they say at Cambridge—this axle, which is almost eight thousand miles long, if it could fairly be drawn out, without risk to the credit of the *Nautical Almanac*, would appear to be a wire, fine as a knitting-needle, or, as we say, infinitely fine. Be this as it may, it is certain that the things of the world, not excepting the greatest of them, do take pattern by the earth itself, and are wont to revolve upon small pivots; or, as above said, upon things as small as knitting-pins. Yes, so it is, that empires and dynasties may be seen whirling about upon insignificant spindles! Just as it is at a fair on a common, so with the giddy roundabout which history is gravely to give an account of on her next page; it will be seen to be ridden—"first horse," an emperor; "second horse," a pope; "third horse," another emperor; "fourth horse," a prime minister, and so on until the showman has not another horse at his disposal.

Yet it is not emperors and ministers of state only that are used to ride upon wooden horses in roundabouts. The Preacher's exclamation, "vanity of vanities," is appropriate in view of the shiftings of things of a more sedate quality. I will not provoke a thunder-clap of contradiction by attempting to exemplify my argument by instances drawn from the history of "philosophy," and of the "progress of opinion," and such-like high matters; nor will I venture to affirm that, even these matters, deep and high as they are, do sometimes turn, not even upon *wires*, but upon straws!

Modes of feeling, and modes of acting too, which touch what is genuine and vital in human nature, a change in which goes near to revolutionize the

heart and soul of the social and domestic economy—even such things as these do wonderfully come within the range of insignificant (we may think them insignificant) co-ordinations. Enter now the first stationer's shop on your way through the city, and, as you stand waiting until a lady has been suited with her purchases, compare, in idea, what you see piled up, right-hand and left-hand, with the writing materials—the paper, pens, and ink—that were crammed into his huge side-pocket by Dr. Samuel Johnson, when he was preparing himself to provide copy for the next ensuing number of the *Rambler*. Then, with these articles, compare the equivalents of them, procurable by Chaucer, in his time; by Bede, in his time; or, to take a leap over many centuries, imagine that you see Tacitus, Virgil, Thucydides, Pindar, each at the desk with the pen, or the style, or the reed, or the brush, which he, in his time, was used to handle. Think also of the ink, the dye, the paint; think of the paper, the codex, the leaf, the skin, upon which he made those immortal tracings which the printer has since taken charge of! Beside these mechanical provisions, you must bear in mind what is implied in the difference of the form and the combination of the *symbols*. Think of the clumsy uncial, then of the cursive writing, with its intricate contractions; think of an ode of Horace, or a book of the *Georgics* written off in the fashion of the most ancient of the manuscripts of Virgil. When you have duly considered all these matters, and what is implied in them, severally, you will be ready to allow that Lofty Thought, even the soarings of immortal minds in the upper heavens, is not a little ruled or qualified by the mechanical necessities of the material it employs—in a word, by the sort of article which Pindar, for instance, might find ready

for him on the stationer's counter where he obtained his supply of paper, pens, and ink. Or, to look at the case from another side, ask yourself whether you can believe that Cicero, furnished with his writing apparatus, and with no better, could have set himself down at one in the morning, in Printing House Square, to write the leader upon the debate of that evening, so as to be ready for the compositors at 2 A.M. ? It could not have been done. Cicero could not have done it ; no, nor Cæsar, although he might manage to dictate to half a dozen secretaries at a time. If you proudly say that Mind is Mind, in any age the same, I may grant it, only appending a condition, as thus—Mind is Mind, if always you make due allowance for the material that is supplied to it by the stationer. Yet there was a balance of advantage on this ground. Pure Mind had its prerogatives when it contended with difficult mechanical conditions in the modes and materials of writing. If the great writers of Greece and Rome had used the steel pen, the fluid ink, and hydraulic-pressed *blue laid*, and had practised our cursive hand, neither the History of the Peloponnesian War, nor the Phædo, nor the annals of the imperial times, would have been what they are—classics ; but, in a greater or less degree, they would have been loose, desultory, digressive, and, perhaps, they might have found their oblivious resting-place in the waste-paper basket of the middle ages.

But now, not intending myself to abuse the facilities of the steel-pen, fluid ink, and smooth *blue laid*, I come to my purpose—namely, to give some account of the close of a long-standing correspondence, which happened in the manner following :—

It would be trite now to dilate here upon the incalculable benefits that have resulted from the great Postal Reform of our times. In three or four words, these benefits, shed through all departments of the social system, have been innumerable, inestimable, incalculable, almost infinite. Some of the remoter consequences of the Penny Postage re-

volution and the charge by weight, not by sheet, and not by distance, may have escaped notice, and these consequences might be entered on one side, or on the other side of the balance-sheet, as people may think. Penny Postage has dried up the great Euphrates of letter-writing, and has given us, instead of its copious waters, a shallow, noisy, inundation of notes :—or let me change my figure, and say the rustling fall of the leaf on a windy day, in the forest, is what we get in place of the felling of timber, which gave us something weighty, solid ; something worthy of the axe and saw. LETTERS are no more ! Notes, by hundreds, have driven letters from the field. Letters arrived now and then : notes come, tens at a time, and at the rate of three or five deliveries *per diem*. But what were those *letters*, which now, are nowhere to be seen. Young reader ! it has not come within the limits of your experience in life to receive a veritable letter ! Big was it in the hand, carefully was it folded, and carefully sealed. To break the seal of such a letter was an event ! The recipient of such a letter glanced at the first page and at the last. He refolded it, thrust it into his or her pocket, retreated to his study, or she to her *boudoir*, or wandered forth to the hill-side, or the shady grove, there to enjoy it at leisure. It has lately been my occupation to overhaul a mass of such letters of the olden time. Demy or foolscap sheets, filled to the brim ! three lines to the inch ; spaces carefully marked for the sealing ; the ends filled and crossed. Such letters must have been written in eras of antediluvian leisure—leisure of a sort which has quite fled from earth, driven off, frightened by the roar of express trains.

These valuable letters—what an opening out of the writer's inmost mind and soul was there in them ! No stint of words in the letters of those times—no nippings of the spirit. It was an outspending ; it was a pouring-forth ; it was a deluge of feeling sent to vivify a parched land ! In a letter of that era there was elbow-room for intimate friendships ; room was there for digres-

sions, for explanations, for prosings, for recitations, for excuses, for palliations, for entreaties. Free field was there for garrulous exuberances, for wearisome continuations, for anecdote, for insinuation, for whisperings, backbitings, evil surmises; room was there, in a word, for an endless circuit of verbiage which should contain, but should not verbally express, the writer's real meaning and remote intention. Thus it is that if, on one hand, we mourn the decease of letters, we may, on the other hand, find consolation in the thought that many a sheet which ought not to have been written at all, in the bygone time, will not have been written at all, in this era of notes.

The old postage charge, as everybody knows, was assessed upon the sheet, or *integer of paper*, big as it might be; and then upon the distance. The smallest letter from Edinburgh or Inverness—a shilling—fourteenpence, or more. A demy sheet, weighing two ounces, not more, if single. Under this fiscal system there was a premium upon lengthy letters; for the writer naturally wished to give his correspondent, *who then paid the postage*, as much ink as possible for his money. Not so now; the tendency is all the other way. The prepayment dispels the impulse which induced the writer to make his letter seem worth what the recipient must pay for it. And the change which allows scraps, from different hands, to be thrust into one envelope, acts as a sort of hydraulic pressure upon the quantity of each of the enclosed bits. Mark the consequence—or the consequences, rather. See what it is that is turned out of an envelope on a breakfast table, in these latter days! There is first a brief note from the chief person of one family, to the chief person of the other family; but beside this main matter, there are scraps for the juniors—there is the paper pattern of a collar to be worked; there is a caricature likeness of Mr. Snub, Junior:—there is—any sort of thing—frivolous, nonsensical, worthless, that may have been thrust into the envelope at Belfast, or

at Falmouth, or at Brecon. So it is that, under favour of the half-ounce, or the ounce weight, the chips and the tatters, the odds and the ends, of our vivacious family existence, the cram of nothings, has come in the stead of the lengthy somethings of the past age.

Changes of this order do not fail to bring in changes which, some of them, are of more significance. Letter-writing is obsolete; nor do we now hang out our individual minds to dry upon foolscap sheets. The causes aforesaid have brought about this revolution; and in great part the change is to be laid at the door of Sir Rowland Hill; yet not entirely so, for other influences have been at work at the same time. Let it be that, regardless of recent fashions, I am in mind to write a *letter*, in the old fashion; and, if it be not merely a narrative of small local events, or the incidents of a continental tour, then its theme must be philosophical, or political, or sentimental, or what not. But now, whatever my taste or turn of mind may be, I find myself forestalled—admirably forestalled and “prevented,” in the very last number of the penny, or the sixpenny, or the aristocratic shilling *Illustrated Illuminator*, which I take in. Unless, therefore, I am wonderfully fond of my own mode of thinking on all subjects, I shall find it an irksome labour to think, and to write, upon a subject which has been so well handled by an “able correspondent,” in the recent number on my table. I abstain; and instead of the threatened letter, I write to my friend just these nine words:—“Have you seen the admirable paper in *So* and *So* last month?” So it is that we cease to write letters *upon subjects*; for they are written for us, and well written, and printed too. I find that the “*Leaders*” in penny papers, and the “*Essays*” in weekly, and monthly, and quarterly numbers, have fairly taken the breath out of me, as to letter-writing. Everything that may be said, has been said, about everything: no wonder then that lengthy letters have disappeared.

When it happens that great changes are silently taking place in the course of human affairs, it happens too that the antiquated mode, or, as we may call it, the superannuated style, leaves standing some residual practice, some memento of itself, which awaits the moment when it also is to be swept away. Gradually the antiquated mode or style attracts notice as an absurd incongruity: people come to see that what was fit fifty years ago, is ridiculous now. Twenty things might be named along with bagwigs, pigtails, and dress swords, which, from time to time, are thrown overboard, as past their date. Such must soon be the fate of the still extant style of the heading and the finishing of our epistolary performances. I have just now before me a demy-sheet letter, dated some sixty years back; there is enough in it for a pamphlet! Grave and difficult are the subjects touched upon therein. Wide was the writer's horizon; deep were his plunges into the abysses of thought: keen were his probings of his friend's inmost consciousness. This ample outpouring of a head and heart might, therefore, very properly, be prefaced by the wonted formalities, as thus—"My ever dear and much esteemed Friend." And well might it be brought to a close with those other terminal phrases—"Believe me, my dear friend, to remain ever faithfully and affectionately yours, Cornelius Folio." But now think of the absurdity of attaching these, or any similar assurances to the head and the tail of a note, such as are those that are now despatched by millions daily through the metropolitan districts, as thus—

CURT HALL: 7/15/63. 1 P.M.

MY DEAR NED,—Must shift my engagement with you. Can't help it: will

Friday, say 3.45, suit you? If not, write by return: if it will, I shall hold it so, not hearing.

Believe, me, my dear NED,

Yours faithfully,

T. BREVITY.

TO EDWARD SHORT, Esq.

Long Grange.

This won't do. We must now make shorter work with our "highly esteemed" and "affectionately" regarded friends and acquaintances. We must think it enough if we assure them, solemnly, once a year—say at Christmas—or once in three years, that our estimation of their worth and virtues stands at par; or is the same as it was when last reported. But this reform has more in it than merely a saving of time, paper, and ink. It is part and parcel of a great social movement tending toward the same end. We are moving in mass toward—abbreviation, despatch, economy of moments; towards reality, sincerity, straightforwardness; in a word—toward truth and substance. We are coming more and more to be impatient of cumbrous formalities, of hollow pretensions, of unasked-for professions—of apologies, whether well-founded or not. We have already paid for our tickets in the express train that girdles the planet, and that takes no account of the longitude of intermediate stations.

In the track of these revolutions or reforms, which shall put us out of liking of paint and varnish, stucco and gypsum, veneered furniture, and electrotype plate, we shall come to ask this favour of our friends, to tell us—in fewest words—just what they have to say, neither more nor less;—and then, no doubt, there will be an end of the antiquated correspondence between "My dear Sir," and "Yours faithfully."

SERVITUDE FOR LIFE (A BRIEF DIALOGUE).

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

[Most of the readers of Mr. Carlyle's little article in our last have been astounded that the question between the North and the South should have been stated as it was there stated—that Slavery should have been described by any one simply as "a hiring for life." As Mr. Carlyle must have had all the grounds of this astonishment (even those which our respected contributor now brings forward) familiarly in his mind when he used his phrases, it must be supposed that he had somehow convinced himself of their substantial fitness nevertheless. Perhaps he had not Slavery only in view, but the whole visible difference of dispositions between South and North, as extending to their modes of providing themselves with *all* kinds of service—that of politicians and leading men included. But, doubtless, Slavery was mainly in his thoughts. —Editor.]

Frederick Maximus. Harkee here, Dan, you black nigger rascal. You're no longer a slave, you're a servant hired for life.

T. C. Niger. By golly! Wife and chil'n servants for life too, massa?

F. M. Yes, all you niggers. But you must work all the same, you know.

T. C. N. Iss, massa. What wages you gib?

F. M. Wages, you rascal? Quart of corn a day and three shirts and pantaloons a year, for legal hours of work; fourteen hours a day for half the year, and fifteen the other half.¹

T. C. N. Any privileges, massa?

F. M. Privileges? Ha! ha! Yes, privileges of John Driver's whip, or of such other punishment as I choose to inflict, and of not being believed on oath if you go and peach against me, and of being sold down South when I please, and of being converted by any parson whom I choose to allow.

T. C. N. Hm. Wife and chil'n my own dis time, massa?

F. M. Ha! ha! ha! Yes—till I or Mr. Overseer want them. But you have the privilege of taking another wife as often as I allow it, and of having as many children as it pays me to bring up.

T. C. N. Beg pardon, massa, but what for you call me servant hired for life?

F. M. What for, you rascal? Because a great man, after whom I named you, when he had written a d—d good book on the "nigger question," says that is all the difference between you and those mean white-livered Yankee working men, who are hired by the month or the day.

T. C. N. Massa, if him book good book, why's I not priv'leged to learn read it?

F. M. Read, you infernal scoundrel! Why, if any one were to help you to learn, the law gives him fine and imprisonment or lashes,¹ and what do you suppose you'd get? So off with you... Stay—how old is that yellow nigger, your wife's daughter?

T. C. N. Born three weeks 'fore Miss Susy, massa.

F. M. She'll fetch a right smart price at Mobile, now that New Orleans...

T. C. N. (*Aside, while going away.*) Dey say de Yankees aint bery long way. Wish dey was heeah. Wish dey'd gib me a rifle 'fore I dies.

¹ Laws of South Carolina.

MY FIRST GLACIER PASS.

I HAD engaged myself, somewhat unwillingly—for I am not of a roving disposition—to accompany my cousin William Jones and a friend in a tour among the Alps last season. William is an indefatigable climber, and makes it a matter of conscience to scale some hitherto-untrodden peak every year, for no earthly reason that I can see except that no one has ever been there before, or is likely to go again. He had often tried without success to induce me to accompany him; and at last I thought that, as Goethe placed himself under fire in order to experience what the battle-fever was like, I might as well scale the Alps to put myself in sympathy with the mountain-maniacs.

I could not start with my friends, as I was engaged to play in a cricket match with the gentlemen of my county against those of Wessex, which I am happy to say we won; and it was only by travelling day and night that I managed to keep the rendezvous at the little village of Oberheim, in the Steinthal. William had sent me a letter of advice as to the things I should take, all of which could be carried in a knapsack; but, as I did not fancy the cheap and nasty way of doing business, I added a well-filled portmanteau, to be forwarded from place to place as convenience might require. In his letter he informed me that his sister Emily was engaged to join a party travelling in Switzerland, and that we should probably fall in with each other. This did not operate to deter me, as I had once before found her a very agreeable companion on the Rhine. Without any adventure worth recording, but nearly knocked up by my hurried journey, I joined my friends in the Steinthal, and was warmly welcomed by them. I had left my portmanteau at Interlachen, whence I thought I could send for it at any time when I knew our intended route.

It seemed that William's object in coming to Oberheim was to make a new pass, the summit of which it was said a certain chamois-hunter had reached from the Sennenthal, and had looked down upon the upper part of the Steinthal. He had not crossed over, and William had written to him from Paris to meet us, that we might try the pass from the Oberheim side. He did this, knowing that, if we could reach the summit, the descent into the Sennenthal was secure; whereas, if the pass had been attacked from the side already known, and insurmountable difficulties had been met with on the descent, a night on the glacier, if nothing worse, might have been entailed upon us. As it was, our retreat was always secure should we fail in reaching the summit.

The plan decided on was, to take a short walk in the afternoon to a chalet at the foot of the glacier. We had to cross and sleep there, so as to be as near our work as possible by daylight the next morning. I was glad to find that we had not to carry our own knapsacks, as, besides a Chamounix guide who was travelling with William, and the hunter, we engaged a local guide to take us as far as he knew our proposed route, and afterwards accompany us to our destination. The gentlemen were to carry their own provisions. William had a prejudice against wine during a walk, and persuaded us each to take a bottle of good strong tea instead, an arrangement which the guides did not consent to adopt for themselves. I found to my chagrin that I had neglected to bring a veil and spectacles, and William looked grave when I told him so. It was discovered, however, that the landlord of the inn had an old pair of spectacles, of which one glass was broken; his daughter sewed a piece of black cloth over the damaged part, so that both my eyes should be

protected from the glare of sun and snow, though only one could be used; and a sort of mask was made out of a white pocket-handkerchief, to be tied round my head with string. I tried on these articles amid much merriment from all present, and presented the appearance of a man with a white face, and one green and one black eye, both of enormous size. I pocketed my new acquisitions, and we set off in capital spirits for the chalet, a walk of three or four hours only. I was not by any means satisfied with my condition, as railway travelling always puts me out of trim; and I felt that I should have to do my utmost to keep up with my companions on the morrow. They had been taking their week's training, and resting comfortably at night. However, I had helped to beat the Wessex men, and the thought of this consoled me under my anticipated difficulties. We were most hospitably received by the people at the chalet, and were enabled to keep our provisions intact for the morrow. They had very little to eat except the products of milk: a little flour, and some black bread baked the previous autumn, and literally as hard as a stone, was all the farinaceous food they possessed; animal food was quite unobtainable. They made with flour and milk a porridge which they called *brei*, and this, eaten with *niedel*, a kind of clotted cream, proved to be so enticing that I at least took more than was good for me. A bowl of tea and some hot brandy-and-water sent us to bed, on some hay in the barn, in a comfortable frame of body and mind, though William, maliciously quoting "*Peaks and Passes*," reminded me that what seemed to be hay was probably a mixture of hay and fleas. We turned in before sundown, as we had to be up at three in the morning. I was asleep directly; and, with the exception of a few minutes when I was awakened by the hundred and fifteen cows belonging to the establishment coming home for the night, each with an enormous bell round her neck, I was undisturbed till the guide shook me and told me it was time

to turn out. It was still dark, and we managed as well as we could to get a wash at the trough outside. I had not shaved since leaving England, and had hoped for an opportunity of doing so that morning, but found it impossible under the circumstances. William was much amused at the idea of such a thing, and prophesied that I should remain unshaven during my whole stay in Switzerland—on which I announced my intention of shaving the very next day, but only got his usual grunt and a provoking little laugh in reply. We made an excellent breakfast on boiled milk, with some of the white bread we had brought soaked in it. The weather was glorious; and we set out at a moderate pace, with the first streak of dawn, and in the highest spirits.

We were not long in getting to the glacier, which poured down a small lateral valley into the Steinthal. As we turned the corner the sun was just lighting up the distant peaks and high snows over which our course lay. The whole scene was so glorious, and so much beyond what I had expected, that I felt that one sight alone would have been worth the hurried journey from England, even if I had to return immediately; and I looked forward to my month's rambling amid such scenes with the liveliest anticipations. I could only give vent to my feelings by repeating Dante's magnificent description of morning:—

"Tempo era dal principio del mattino;
E il sol montava in su con quelle stelle
Ch'eran con lui, quando l'amor divino
Mosse da prima quelle cose belle."

My excitement caused me to hasten my pace, for which I was at once reproved by William, who told me the mountaineer's step should be long, slow, and lasting: "*Ohne Hast und ohne Rast*," as the Germans say; "*Douce-ment et toujours*," as the French have it.

The very first step which I made upon the moraine at the foot of the glacier brought me down upon my nose, to my great surprise, as I had been assured that the glacier ice was not at all slippery, and, where I stepped

upon it, it was entirely covered with sand ; but it was this very circumstance which caused my fall, as the sand was lying lightly on the surface of the ice, preserving it from the direct action of the sun's rays, which roughen it where exposed. The sand, when stepped upon carelessly, slips from under the foot, so that the inexperienced traveller is in the greatest danger of falling when he thinks himself most secure. I had not been long upon the ice, before William perceived that I did not understand the management of my alpenstock, as I placed it below me instead of holding it across my body with the point towards the slope above, and leaning my weight upon it. He showed me how the slightest slip of the point, when it was below me, made it worse, than useless, whereas when I held it towards the slope of the hill, at about the level of my knee, I could instantly, in case of a slip, obtain a fresh support by leaning hard upon the point. I soon became expert enough in its use, and we made good, steady way along the surface of the glacier, which at first had no very great slope or wide crevasses.

We soon, however, came to a spot where the glacier made a descent over some steep rocks, and it was necessary to seek a passage round the difficulty. I was filled with wonder at the magnificent appearance presented by the ice-fall : enormous blocks, as large as houses and churches, were heaped upon each other in wild confusion ; and, whilst I gazed, one toppled over, and fell in ruin with a noise like a battery of heavy guns. I confess to having been awed, if not frightened, by the sight and sound ; but they only seemed to raise my companions' spirits, as they gave a simultaneous shout of delight which rang cheerily over the frozen wastes ; and William's friend treated us to the song of the hunter in "*Wilhelm Tell*," commencing :—

"Es donnern die Hohen, es zittert der Steg."

For my part I was beginning to feel very much out of sorts, which I attri-

buted, perhaps unjustly, to the evil qualities of the seductive "*niedel*" I had indulged in the previous evening. I felt, however, that it would never do to give in to my uncomfortable feelings ; and just then, as we had been out four hours, and a stream was trickling down the rocks on our left, the last water we might get, it was judged as well to halt for a short time, and take a little refreshment. I swallowed a hard boiled egg and a slice of bread and butter, for which I had but little appetite ; and, as my friends had not finished eating, I took out my sketch-book, and was proceeding to transfer some of the glories before me to paper, when William caught sight of my proceedings, and shouted out, "*Hollo ! what are you about ? No sketching allowed, except on off-days. Making a new pass is no joke, I can tell you ; and we can't be delayed by every pretty bit you may take a fancy to draw. We must pass on at once : it is very important not to lose a moment in the early part of the day ; for, whilst we linger here, the sun is hard at work above us softening the snow, and we do not know what difficulties we may meet with to delay us before we get to the top. So be a good fellow, put up your things, and let us be moving.*"

I had read in Alpine books of the importance of an early start to get to the upper snows whilst still hard frozen ; so I lost no time in being a good fellow, and putting up my things. It was judged necessary, in order to avoid the ice-fall, to pass along a steep snow-slope which had been formed by avalanches between the rocks and the ice, and which, as it was on the shady side of the valley, was still hard-frozen. We were a long time traversing this, as it was so steep that steps had to be cut with the ice-axe to give us foothold ; and, when we had passed it, we had to take to the precipice on our left, as the *bergschrand*, or chasm, left where the ice had melted away from the hillside, was quite impassable where it was not filled up with the snow brought down by the avalanches.

The precipice we were obliged to face had always been deemed impracticable ; but it has become a proverb with alpestrians that impracticable means unattempted, and that where there is a will there is a way. The rocks were exceedingly steep, but fortunately afforded good foot-and-hand hold, and the strata dipped inwards ; we were all roped together, and those in advance were thus able to help those who followed. The hunter led the way, and occasionally pulled himself up by a hook which screwed into the top of his alpenstock.

After having made considerable progress we came to a vertical cliff, which, though of no great height, was beyond our powers, as we had no ladder with us. It was proposed to return, and try the pass again next day with the assistance of a ladder ; and we had already begun the descent in no very cheerful mood when William perceived a gap on the left, which had been concealed from us during our ascent ; the hunter was sent to investigate, and shouted to us to come on. We found the place decidedly stiff ; but, as we were all pretty good climbers and had good heads, we succeeded in overcoming the difficulty. For one moment only were we in any real peril, and this was when a large stone was disengaged from the face of the rock by our leader ; it came bounding down the gully, glancing from side to side, and struck the Chamounix man, who was last on the line, heavily on the thigh. He was swept off his legs in an instant. I was next before him, and, being tied to him with the rope, was also dragged down ; but, whilst falling, managed to clutch hold of a projecting piece of rock ; and those above, having better foot hold, tightened the rope upon us, which helped me to hold on. We escaped with only a few scratches, and the temporary loss of my alpenstock, which was recovered with difficulty from a ledge below, where it had been arrested in its fall.

An hour and a half later than we had hoped, we stepped off the rocks on to the snow-fields of the upper part of the glacier. A halt was called for a mouthful of food, and for the purpose of putting

on gaiters, spectacles, and veils. We still continued roped together—a precaution which should never be omitted on a snow-covered glacier, as it is impossible to see the hidden crevasses gaping to swallow up suddenly any one who breaks through the treacherous snow-bridges which cover them. We had now conquered all the real difficulties of the pass, as a survey of the route before us showed nothing but gently rising snow-fields, with an occasional sharp pull for a hundred yards or so.

Though we had no more difficult obstacles to encounter, we found immediately, on starting again, that we should require our whole stock of patience and pluck to enable us to gain the summit, as the snow grew softer and we plunged deeper into it every moment. Although I was fifth on the line, I observed that I broke in oftener than the others through not having acquired the knack of planting my feet flatly and softly on the snow. I was much inconvenienced, too, by my mask, which did not fit properly, and was constantly slipping down and dragging my spectacles off my eyes ; and it served to make me so dreadfully hot that in my despair I determined to brave all consequences, and removed the obnoxious articles from my face. I kept as close to the man before me as I could, to take advantage of his shadow ; I looked doggedly on the ground, and trod exactly in his footmarks. We all soon began to break in at every step, and I found this some slight relief. As the foremost men had the work of wading and treading down the snow for those who followed, we occasionally stopped to change leaders, and let the guide who brought up the rear go in front. During one of these pauses, I asked the hunter if a certain rise close in front of us was the summit. Never shall I forget the despair which came over me at his energetic reply : "Mein Gott, nein ; wann 'Sie da sind haben Sie noch drei 'Stunden.'" I felt inclined to throw myself down then and there, careless of what became of me. I had by this time a splitting headache, and felt very sick ; my want of condition was beginning to

tell terribly upon me, and I thought what a fool I had been to bring all this upon myself for the sake of a cricket match. I even ventured to tell my companions how seedy I felt. I was recommended to take a good drink of tea, and they kindly called a halt to allow me to recover myself. My bottle was about three parts full, and they told me to fill it up with snow to cool it. I felt revived on the instant; and, when I had saturated a lump of sugar with brandy and swallowed it, I announced myself ready to proceed. I was exhorted to resume my mask and spectacles, but said it was simply impossible; besides I did not feel the glare so very much and the cool wind to my face was quite refreshing. I got on somewhat better for a while, and determined steadfastly to show no more signs of weakness. To keep to this resolution, however, I was obliged every time we halted to change leaders, to have recourse to my brandied lump of sugar; and, though I gained temporary strength by this means, I do not think I improved my mental condition. I made the most solemn resolutions to myself that I would never cross a glacier again; surely one such tramp as this would give me a sufficiently lively idea of the high snows. Snow was snow, and there could be no variety in it, except indeed when we fell into hidden crevasses, which we all did several times; the rope, however, prevented all dangers from these tumbles. At last my mind began to wander. I fancied I was one of a gang of Russian prisoners chained together and condemned to exile in Siberia; that I had been already several months on the journey, and had many more before me. I thought the change of leaders was the relief of the guards, and that I must not complain or it would be the worse for me. The time when I had not been tramping through soft snow, and when life was pleasant to me, seemed as long past, as did the time when he was not being flogged to Somerville the soldier during his agony. I was aroused from my despair by the cheerful yodel of my friends which announced our arrival at the summit. I thought for an instant

that it was the emperor's reprieve, and sank down exhausted and thankful on the snow, and was soon in a sound sleep. I really think I had been half asleep before, and that dreams mingled with my waking consciousness.

My companions, who were quite fresh, thought it better to leave me alone for a while, and actually made an expedition on their own account to obtain a view from a neighbouring summit, leaving one of the guides to smoke his pipe and watch over my welfare. My face was covered up, and I was softly laid upon plaids. I was awakened when the party returned, and felt much refreshed by my snooze; but, I think, still more by the consciousness that the climbing was all accomplished. The effects of the brandy had gone off, and I found I could eat heartily.

Immediately below us there appeared a snow-slope, which, notwithstanding its soft state, was voted practicable for a glissade. I was given in charge of one of the guides, who sat down, and I sat behind him. I trusted everything to him, and we arrived quite safe at the bottom of the slope, which was some hundreds of feet in length. I was so exhilarated by the ease and rapidity of the descent, that I changed my opinion of Alpine snow on the instant; and, instead of determining never to go on it again, thought I would in future only cross passes the time required for making which was well known, so that I should never find the snow in so bad a state as we had done that day. Our hunter told us that we should have to descend an ice-fall, which there was no means of avoiding; and we soon came to it. Then began the most exciting work I ever had—so much so, that all sense of fatigue left me, and I entered into the business *con amore*. Although the hunter was the only one of the party who had been down the pass before, I observed that he gave up the leadership here to the Chamounix guide, who was a most experienced ice-man, though he did not appear to me to be a particularly good rock-climber. There is no regular way down an icefall, as the crevasses change

from day to day, and a general knowledge of icework is of more importance than a local acquaintance with the pass. I certainly could not have thought it possible that men could pass unharmed among the toppling crags and gaping rifts through which we threaded our way. The large blocks of ice, now softening in the afternoon sun, were crashing down in thunder every ten minutes; but our guide seemed to have an instinct for safe places, and only once did he think it necessary to pass under any blocks the slope of which threatened a fall; and here he exhorted us to hasten, lest we should be crushed beneath the frowning masses. I was thoroughly carried away by the excitement of the work, and was much congratulated by William on my recovery from the effects of the *niedel*. Sometimes we had to let our leader down an iceblock with a rope; and, when safely landed below, he would cut steps for those who were to follow, or hold his alpenstock horizontally against the ice at the level of his shoulder to give them a stepping-place in their descent. He never lost an inch of ground; and we found ourselves always getting lower, though we had to wind about a good deal. On one occasion he thought he should have to retreat a little, as he deemed the crevasse in front too wide to leap. No sooner had he said this than I jumped over. The breadth was not so very great; but the drop was considerable, and the others hesitated to follow. I called to William to pitch over the knapsacks—which he did at once; and, as I caught them in succession, the guides fairly laughed with delight, and said they had never seen such a thing done before, and declared themselves ready to go to the end of the world with us. I immediately thought how my cricketing had fitted me for my excursion, instead of being a hindrance. The others jumped over in succession. After this feat we sat down to rest a bit. I asked the hunter how much longer we should be in the ice-fall? He said, "Two hours," and after a pause added, "But, if you stop here four, that will

make it six"—a remark which brought me to my legs at once. He proved to be right in his calculations, for cutting steps and heading round crevasses takes up much time, with small results in direct progress to show. When we were free from the entanglement of the fall, we proceeded at a brisk pace down the more level part of the glacier. There were still frequent crevasses to jump, and, as the excitement diminished, I began to feel my fatigue return; but, as I was assured that three hours would bring us to our inn, I kept up my pluck as well as I could. I found, however, that going down-hill caused my new boots to rub my toes in a very disagreeable manner, and blisters were soon added to my fatigue; but I held on my way uncomplaining, though in pain and weariness. At last the welcome sight of the hotel appeared immediately below us; a yodel and a pistol-shot, to announce our arrival, brought all the loungers, guides, and tourists, to the door; and many were the conjectures as to the route we had come. When we got lower we came to a path which zig-zagged considerably, and I thought I would make a short-cut down. Whilst attempting this, and descending carelessly, I stepped upon a slippery pine-root, and instantly tumbled forward, striking my breast violently against the ground, and having my waistcoat much torn by a dead branch lying near. I felt half stunned; happily no bones were broken, or much damage done; but I received another lesson in going carefully, even in places apparently the most safe.

When we arrived and announced that we had made the pass from the *Steinthal*, loud were the congratulations on all sides; the landlord brought out a bottle of his best wine, and insisted on our drinking it then and there. We were decidedly the heroes of the hour, and I went to bed about nine o'clock, after a capital supper, in a high state of satisfaction. I was soon asleep, and, alas! soon awake again. My burnt face, and the amount of wine I had drunk since my arrival, made me quite feverish. In vain I drank tumbler after tumbler

of water to quench my thirst. I could slumber for a few minutes only at a time; my old fancies of the Siberian pilgrimage returned with every kind of aggravated horror; the crevasses into which I tumbled were transformed into oubliettes, from which I was dragged only to endure fresh tortures, of which being beaten on my breast with clubs, and on my face with nettles, being bastinadoed on the soles of my feet, and having pepper thrown in my eyes, formed a part, William and the hunter being the chief tormentors. I dreamt that a tyrant had condemned me to cross a glacier without any protection from clothing, and that my whole body was being scorched by the glare of sun and snow. At last I was kept awake by the excursionists who were getting up at 2 A.M.—the thin wooden partitions of the hotel making their every movement audible. The noise lasted till daylight, when I got up to examine my burning face in the glass. With the exception of a broad white band at the top of my forehead where my hat had protected me, it looked like a boiled lobster; and I felt much as the poor animal must do during the process of being cooked. The whites of my eyes were pink, and I could hardly bear even the yet dim light; my lips were swollen to twice their natural size, and nearly as black as ink; and the state of my beard, unshorn for three days, added to my frightful appearance. This, however, I thought I could soon rectify, and proceeded, not without some satisfaction in thinking of William's prophecy, to divest myself of my superfluous hair. I had not calculated on the blistered state of my skin, which rendered the process so agonizing, that I fairly gave in after having shaved one side of my upper lip. I wondered if I could manage to singe the rest of my beard, but had not pluck enough to light a match and try that expedient. With a groan I turned into bed again, and thought with terror on the figure I should cut in public, and the quizzing of William; for I dared not hope that he was in as bad a plight as myself, as he had worn his veil and spectacles through-

out the passage of the snow. I fell asleep, and awoke to find him smiling over me. His "Well, old fellow, how do you feel this morning?" elicited such a groan that his heart was softened; and, when he perceived that I could not bear to keep my eyes open, he told me to cheer up, and that if I wore some darkened spectacles for a day or two my eyes would soon be right again—that I had better get up and put a good face upon it (a *good* face indeed; how I wished I could!). He said he had ordered breakfast at 8 o'clock, and asked me if he should send me up any hot water to shave with. I said, "Yes, please," with rage at my heart. He came up again presently with a pair of spectacles, and I got up and made my appearance at the breakfast-table. There was a large party assembled, mostly English; and I thought I observed an amused look on their faces as I entered. However, I could hardly see them, and knew they could not see my eyes; so I did not feel so much exposed as I otherwise should have done. I noticed they often asked each other for the "niedel," and felt at once that William had been amusing himself at my expense, as they were generally smiling when my great goggle eyes were turned towards them inquiringly to see if they were quizzing me. After breakfast a stroll was proposed to a neighbouring waterfall, William maliciously reminding me not to forget my sketching materials. I felt quite angry with him, and made an excuse of my blistered feet for remaining at home. The fact is, I was so stiff that I do not think I could have walked two miles; so I lay down on the grass in front of the hotel, and solaced myself with my pipe as well as I could. My face was covered with pimples which exuded water copiously; and I had to purchase a veil, as the burning of the sun was intolerable. Reading was out of the question; and, as I could not enjoy the scenery, my day was miserable enough. When my companions returned, I found they had made an engagement with some other enthusiasts to attempt the ascent of the Dreissennen-

spitz—a peak which has long been an object of desire to the mountain-maniacs, but has hitherto defied their efforts. I refused at once to join the expedition, which was to last two days; and it was agreed that I should await my friends' return.

They started the next day; which was to me like the previous one, except that the matter exuded from my face was yellow like the yolk of an egg. On the third day I had turned completely black; the skin of my face was so tight that I could neither eat, speak, nor laugh without the greatest pain; and, as to blowing my nose, it was a thing not to be attempted. My poor lips were gaping with fissures, and I felt myself an object of wonder, as well as of pity, to all beholders; my eyes, however, were quite well again, and I could leave off my spectacles.

My friends did not come back as I had expected, but I was in no hurry for them. On the fourth morning when I looked in the glass I observed that the black burnt skin was peeling off in strips, so that I presented the appearance of a half-shaved zebra, and I thought I was more frightful than ever; but the pain was gone, and life no longer a burden. Before leaving for his expedition William had entered our names in the hotel-book, with a long account of the new pass. He described it as an easy walk of twelve hours, if the snow was in good condition, and proposed exercising the privilege of a discoverer, to name it the "Niedelundbreijoch." I knew he had done this to quiz me, and felt accordingly.

Whilst I was lounging outside the hotel-door, beginning to think the party of excursionists must be lost—as they had been absent for four days—I observed a vetturino drive up with a carriage drawn by four horses. He had evidently brought a large party, as there was plenty of luggage. I asked him where he was going; he said he had only been engaged to come as far as the hotel with a party who had diverged to see the waterfall, and were following on foot. He said he was going back to

Interlaken as soon as possible; did I want to go? he would take me for the price of a one-horse trap. Just as he made this offer, I caught sight of the name "Emily Jones" on one of the packages he had brought. She, then, was coming; she would see me in my hideous deformity! No, not if I could help it. I closed with the vetturino at once, hurried into the hotel, called for my bill and a sheet of paper—on which I wrote a few lines to William, saying it was too bad of him to serve me such a trick as he had, and that I was off to make the ascent of Mont Blanc (nothing was really farther from my thoughts, as I had mentally vowed that my next walking-tour should be in Holland), but that I would wait a few days at Vevay to hear what he was about.

As I passed the door of the public room on my way out, I heard Emily exclaim, "I do declare William and John are here; how delightful! and they have made a new pass, and propose to call it —" She bungled so over the name that I was out of earshot before she had mastered it; so the pain of hearing the words from her lips was spared me. I drew my veil over my face and buried myself in the carriage, which drove off immediately. I picked up my portmanteau at Interlaken, and proceeded to Vevay, where I spent many days in the delightful hotel, the "Trois Couronnes," fishing, bathing, sketching, and boating to my heart's content. My beauty was restored, my face clean shaven, and my person faultlessly got up. William had written saying that he had gone off to Italy, and that I had better take care of myself. I was doing so to my entire satisfaction; so I dismissed him from my mind at once. He did not enter into any account of his excursion; so I judged it had been a failure. I was getting somewhat tired of staying in one place, and of having no society except that of the chance acquaintances of the *table d'hôte*, when, on looking over the visitors' book, I found the names of Emily and her friends. I lost no time in inquiring for them, and found them at breakfast

in a private room. Emily looked hard at me with evident surprise, and exclaimed, "Why, John, how well you are looking! They told me—" and then she stopped short and smiled. I complimented her in return, and sat down to breakfast with them. I heard all about William's adventures; he had returned the evening I had left without accomplishing the desire of his soul. With much labour the party had climbed what they imagined to be the highest peak of the mountain, and discovered the true summit about thirty feet above them, but separated from them by an impassable gulf. There was nothing for it but to descend and attack the hill again next day from the other side. Their second attempt was less successful than the first, as the clouds prevented their seeing the right direction to take, so that the Dreisennenspitz still rears its unconquered head above the Sennenthal.

I was easily persuaded to join my friends, who were travelling homewards by way of the Rhine. Emily and I had many a pleasant ramble among well-remembered scenes, during which

she revealed to me the many cutting things that William had said about my mountain-sickness, and the ludicrous description he had given of my personal appearance. I determined to have my revenge immediately on my arrival in London. I became a member of the Alpine Club, and attended a dinner a few days afterwards. Here I gave a flaming account of the new pass I had made, never mentioning William's name, and proposed to call it the "Steinjoch". (I knew he intended writing a paper about it, so I thought I would take the wind out of his sails). I further said that I intended next year to ascend the Dreisennenspitz or perish in the attempt; and I greatly ridiculed a party who, I was told, had this year attempted it from the northern side, which every one knew only led to one of the secondary peaks which had been previously scaled. I have not seen or heard from William since his return, and cannot help thinking, from his prolonged silence, that he has heard of my proceedings, and objects to the manner in which I have behaved; but still he cannot question my right to sign myself
A. C.

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE," AND "THE GOBLIN MARKET."¹

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE "Skeleton in the Cupboard," is a theme heavily dwelt upon. That there is a skeleton in every cupboard—no family without such an appendage, no destiny without such a flaw—is the argument of one of the wittiest and most worldly-wise of our popular prose-writers. But it was reserved for a poet, with a true poet's heart, to oppose to the "Skeleton in the Cupboard," "The Angel in the House"—to show that no home, be it ever so humble or ever

so lowly, need be without that peaceful presence, and to sing this true and tender "Psalm of Life" to all who choose to listen—to all who do not wilfully shut their ears to the voice of the charmer, "charm he never so wisely."

This task has been accomplished by Mr. Coventry Patmore. The echo of a hundred thousand "welcomes" to the Princess Alexandra are still vibrating in the hearts of Englishmen. The interest—brother-like, father-like, lover-like—taken by them in the fulfilment of life's best hope, heightened by all the adventitious circumstances that can increase sympathy and surround the

¹ "The Angel in the House." By Coventry Patmore. Two vols. Macmillan and Co.

"The Goblin Market, and other Poems." By Christina Rossetti. Macmillan and Co.

picture of happiness with a dazzling halo, is still fresh among us. Crowds run hither and thither on the chance of seeing the Bride of England pass by; groups stand waiting in her path. Her happiness and the happiness of her youthful husband are somehow made part of ours. We triumph in their vision of wedded love. We rejoice that "the Angel in the House" has come to dwell in the Royal Palace. Yet that part of a royal destiny, which seems to us so superlatively bright, is within the reach of any man who chooses so to school his passions and affections as to make a sane choice in life.

Those who would study the lesson that reads so like a romance, those who would profit by the gentle philosophy of theories which the most simple may put in practice for their own temporal and eternal welfare, cannot do better than make Mr. Coventry Patmore's book the companion of hours spent in the hush of the library, the tedium of the railroad, or the sequestered calm of summer rambles. The stamp of earnest truth is on every page; and the wisdom that permeates through the argument of the story, without one dogmatic sentence to startle or offend, would win the most careless and convert the most scoffing to the true faith of virtuous love. Peace, self-conquest, and the serene joy of religious trust hang like a blessed atmosphere around this poem. It is a book to instruct the young, to guide and comfort those who are still midway in the rocking storm of life's uncertain passage, and to lull with the best of harmonies those whose hopes are ended either by fulfilment or disappointment.

In style Mr. Patmore may claim the merit of originality. Undazzled by the Tennysonian radiance, he has pursued a path of his own to the inner recesses of the human heart. In the occasional homely diction, and in the choice of familiar themes, he resembles Crabbe: but he has more skill in rhythmical composition and a loftier tone of thought.

The framework of his poem, "The Angel in the House," is simple enough. It is the wooing and winning of a life-

companion in the shape of a virtuous wife—such a one as he himself describes in one of his minor poems, in a stanza of perfect beauty:—

"And in the maiden path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshown,
A Mary in the House of God,
A Martha in her own."

That such wooing may have, and must have, in the youthful heart, its share of passionate earthliness, is shown in the beautiful lines:—

"Your name pronounced brings to my heart
A feeling like the violet's breath,
Which does so much of heaven impart
It makes me yearn with tears for death.
The winds that in the garden toss
The Guelder-roses give me pain,
Alarm me with the dread of loss,
Exhaust me with the dream of gain.
I'm troubled by the clouds that move;
Thrill'd by the breath which I respire;
And ever, like a torch, my love,
Thus agitated, flames the higher.
All's hard that has not you for goal;
I scarce can move my hand to write,
For love engages all my soul,
And leaves the body void of might.
The wings of will spread idly as do
The bird's that in a vacuum flies;
My breast, asleep with dreams of you,
Forgets to breathe, and bursts in sighs.
I see no rest this side the grave,
No rest or hope from you apart;
Your life is in the rose you gave,
Its perfume suffocates my heart.
There's no refreshment in the breeze;
The heaven o'erwhelms me with its blue;
I faint beside the dancing seas;
Winds, skies, and waves are only you."

A fit following to the tender passion of these verses is found in the proposal:—

"Twice rose, twice died my trembling word;
The faint and frail Cathedral chimes
Spoke time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the lines.
Her dress, that touch'd me where I stood,
The warmth of her confided arm,
Her bosom's gentle neighbourhood,
Her pleasure in her power to charm;
Her look, her love, her form, her touch,
The least seem'd most by blissful turn,
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew;
And, oh, sweet meeting of desires,
She, answering, own'd that she loved too."

The familiar sweetness of companionship echoes the foregoing description :—

"I praised her, but no praise could fill
The depths of her desire to please,
Though dull to others as a Will
To them that have no legacies.
The more I praised the more she shone,
Her eyes incredulously bright,
And all her happy beauty blown
Beneath the beams of my delight.
Sweet rivalry was thus begot ;
By turns, my speech, in passion's style,
With flatteries the truth o'ershot,
And she surpass'd them with her smile."

It winds up pleasantly with this compliment to matron charms :—

"For, as became the festal time,
He cheer'd her heart with tender praise,
And speeches wanting only rhyme
To make them like his gallant lays.
He discommended girlhood, 'What
For sweetness like the ten-years' wife,
Whose customary love is not
Her passion, or her play, but life !
With beauties so maturely fair,
Affecting, mild, and manifold,
May girlish charms no more compare
Than apples green with apples gold."

The disappointment of a rejected suitor was, perhaps, never more simply or touchingly rendered than in the few lines that close Frederick Graham's letter to his mother :—

"My Mother, now my only friend,
Farewell. The school-books which you send
I shall not want, and so return.
Give them away, or sell, or burn.
I'll write from Malta. Would I might
But be your little Child to-night,
And feel your arms about me fold,
Against this loneliness and cold !"

And the vain corroding jealousy in the same heart was never better confessed than later in the volume :—

"And o'er this dream I brood and doat,
And learn its agonies by rote.
I think, she's near him now, alone,
With wardship and protection none ;
Alone, perhaps, in the hindering stress
Of airs that clasp him with her dress,
They wander whispering by the wave ;
And haply now, in some sea-cave,
Where the ribb'd sand is rarely trod,
They laugh, they kiss. Oh, God ! oh, God !"

A fine warning succeeds against that commonest of all temptations—a marriage from pique :—

"Wed not one woman, oh, my Son,
Because you love another one !
Oft, with a disappointed man,
The first who cares to win him can ;
For, after love's heroic strain,
Which tired the heart and brought no gain,
He feels consoled, relieved, and eased
To meet with her who can be pleased
To proffer kindness, and compute
His acquiescence for pursuit ;
Who troubles not his lonely mood ;
Asks naught for love but gratitude ;
And, as it were, will let him weep
Himself within her arms to sleep."

And again at page 65 :—

"Many men cannot love ; more yet
Cannot love such as they can get.
To wed with one less loved may be
Part of divine expediency."

The young man marries, however, in spite of these maternal warnings ; and the wavering of a mind, which afterwards settles to steadier attachment, is finely given :—

"But sometimes, (how shall I deny !)
There falls, with her thus sitting by,
Dejection, and a chilling shade.
Remember'd pleasures, as they fade,
Salute me, and, in fading, grow,
Like foot-prints in the thawing snow.
I feel oppress'd beyond my force
With foolish envy and remorse.
I love this woman, but I might
Have loved some else with more delight ;
And strange it seems of God that he
Should make a vain capacity."

The yearning of the heart to old days is perfectly described in another letter to his mother :—

"And then, as if I sweetly dream'd,
I half remember'd how it seem'd
When I, too, was a little child
About the wild wood roving wild.
Pure breezes from the far-off height
Melted the blindness from my sight,
Until, with rapture, grief, and awe,
I saw again as then I saw.
As then I saw, I saw again
The harvest waggon in the lane,
With high-hung tokens of its pride
Left in the elms on either side ;
The daisies coming out at dawn
In constellations on the lawn ;
The glory of the daffodil ;
The three black windmills on the hill,
Whose magic arms, flung wildly by,
Sent magic shadows past the rye.
Within the leafy coppice, lo,
More wealth than miser's dreams could show,
The blackbird's warm and woolly brood,
Five golden beaks agape for food ;

The Gipsies, all the summer seen
Native as poppies to the Green ;
The winter, with its frosts and thaws
And opulence of hips and haws ;
The lovely marvel of the snow ;
The Tamar, with its altering show
Of gay ships sailing up and down,
Among the fields and by the Town.
And, dearer far than anything,
Came back the songs you used to sing."

The gaiety and sprightliness of Lady Clitheroe's letters aptly break the somewhat dreary impression made on the reader by the young sailor's grief and disappointment, and by the death of his simple, loving helpmate, whose dying words may be laid to heart by many who wring impossible promises of faith from those who survive to lament their loss :—

" Oh, should the mournful honeymoon
Of death be over strangely soon,
And life-long resolutions, made
In grievous haste, as quickly fade,
Seeming the truth of grief to mock,
Think, Dearest, 'tis not by the clock
That sorrow goes ! A month of tears
Is more than many, many years
Of common time. Shun, if you can,
However, any passionate plan.
Grieve with the heart ; let not the head
Grieve on, when grief of heart is dead ;
For all the powers of life defy
A superstitious constancy."

And these results of linked companionship, whether for joy or sorrow, are finely contrasted with the fair but barren picture of the resolute maidenhood of Mary Churchill.

"The world's delight my soul dejects,
Revening all my disrespect,
Of old, with incapacity
To chime with even its harmless glee,
Which sounds, from fields beyond my range,
Like fairies' music, thin and strange."

Very fine is the burst against the Pharaical tutoring (common in these days).

" And if, my Children, you, for hours
Daily, untortur'd in the heart,
Can worship, and time's other part
Give, without rough recoils of sense,
To the claims ingrate of indigence,
Happy are you, and fit to be
Wrought to rare heights of sanctity,
For the humble to grow humbler at.
But if the flying spirit falls flat,
After the modest spell of prayer
That saves the day from sin and care,

And the upward eye a void describes,
And praises are hypocrisies,
And, in the soul, o'erstrain'd for grace,
A godless anguish grows apace ;
Do not infer you cannot please
God, or that He his promises
Postpones, but be content to love
No more than He accounts enough.

At least, leave distant worlds alone,
Till you are native to your own ;
Account them poor enough who want
Any good thing which you can grant ;
And fathom well the depths of life
In loves of Husband and of Wife,
Child, Mother, Father ; simple keys
To all the Christiana mysteries."

The same just train of thought is continued at page 202, where the permitted joys of earth are pleaded for :—

" Be ye not mocked ;
Right life is glad as well as just,
And, rooted strong in ' This I must,'
It bears aloft the blossom gay
And zephyr-toss'd, of ' This I may.'"

Till, finally, this sweet picture of tranquil home concludes the theme :—

" Here, in this early autumn dawn,
By windows opening on the lawn,
Where sunshine seems asleep, though bright,
And shadows yet are sharp with night ;
And, further on, the wealthy wheat
Bends in a golden drowse, how sweet
To sit and cast my careless looks
Around my walls of well-read books,
Wherein is all that stands redeem'd
From time's huge wreck, all men have dream'd
Of truth, and all by poets known
Of feeling, and in weak sort shown,
And, turning to my heart again,
To find I have what makes them vain,
The thanksgiving mind, which wisdom suns
And you—"

It is a sorrowful reflection, at the close of this fine poem, to know that she who inspired it is gone to that world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage ; but where the hope of future meeting still shines mysterious and star-like from the distance.

Of a very different nature from the "Angel in the House," is the poem mated with it in our reviewer's page. The "Goblin Market," by Miss Christina Rossetti, is one of the works which are said to "defy criticism." Is it a fable—or a mere fairy story—or an allegory against the pleasures of sinful love—or what is it ? Let us not too

rigorously inquire, but accept it in all its quaint and pleasant mystery, and quick and musical rhythm—a ballad which children will con with delight, and which riper minds may ponder over, as we do with poems written in a foreign language which we only half understand.

One thing is certain ; we ought not to buy fruit from goblin men. We ought not ; and we will not. The cost of doing so, is too passionately portrayed in Miss Rossetti's verses to permit us to err in such a sort. The cunning, and selfish overreaching of the goblins is too faithfully rendered in Mr. D. G. Rossetti's picture—"Buy from us with a golden curl"—to allow us to be taken in. Decidedly not all the list of delicious fruits with which the volume opens shall make us waver in our resolution. We agree with Lizzie, the conscientious sister—

"We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits :
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots ?"
'Come buy,' call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen.
'Oh,' cried Lizzie, 'Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men.'
Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered close lest they should look ;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook :
'Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One hugs a golden dish
Of many pounds weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious ;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes.'
'No,' said Lizzie : 'No, no, no ;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us.'"

We regret Laura's fall in spite of such sweet warning :—

"But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste :
'Good folk, I have no coin ;
To take were to purloin :
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather.'

'You have much gold upon your head,'
They answered all together :
'Buy from us with a golden curl.'
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red :
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Clearer than water flowed that juice ;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use ?
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore ;
She sucked until her lips were sore ;
Then flung the emptied rinds away,
But gathered up one kernel-stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.

"Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings :
'Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens ;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Plucked from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours ?
But ever in the moonlight
She pined and pined away ;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more but dwindled and grew
grew ;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low :
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so.'"

We tremble as we read the contrast, suddenly resulting, between the two golden-haired sisters :—

"Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie :
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed ;
Talked as modest maidens should :
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part ;
One warbling for the mere bright day's light,
One longing for the night."

We shudder over the weird change in poor Laura :—

"Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry :
'Come buy, come buy ;'—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen :
But when the noon waxed bright
Her hair grew thin and grey ;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

"She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook :
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

Till at last, as with Effie and Jeanie
Deans, the one sister risks all to save
the other ; and Lizzie, putting a silver
penny in her purse, sets out to buy
from the goblin-men !—

"Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping :
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel- and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugged her and kissed her,
Squeezed and caressed her :
Stretched up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates :
'Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs ;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs.'"

Here is a picture of the spite which
goblin-men show, when you will not eat
with them of their strange fruits :—

"They trod and hustled her,
Elbowed and jostled her,

Clawed with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
Twitched her hair out by the roots,
Stamped upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat."

We are relieved to find that Lizzie
nevertheless escapes in safety :—

"At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot ;
Some writhed into the ground,
Some dived into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanished in the distance."

"She cried 'Laura,' up the garden,
'Did you miss me ?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me ;
Laura, make much of me :
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

Laura's penitence is as mysterious as
her sin ; but we are beyond measure
soothed and comforted when we learn
this :—

"But when the first birds chirped about their
eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice ;
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread
of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May,
And light danced in her eyes."

Very beautiful are the simple lines
which follow :—

"Days, weeks, months, years,
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own ;
Their mother-hearts beat with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives ;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time :

Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood."

There are other poems in the volume full of serious power and purpose, and full also of poetry and passion. The sonnet, entitled "Rest," is one of the finest of these; and the brief, but full of meaning, "Up-hill," the gentle page, "Consider the Lilies of the Field," and the less openly intelligible but beautiful "From House to Home," prove the versatility, as well as the originality

of genius, which has fallen to the share of this young writer. Many verses of Miss Rossetti, scattered through other works, make many readers familiar with her writings; but incomparably the best of her compositions is the "Goblin Market," which may vie with "Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," in its degree, for the vivid and wonderful power by which things unreal and mystic are made to blend and link themselves with the everyday images and events of common life.

ON THE LINKS OF ST. MUNGO: A DAY WITH THE GOLFERS.

WHEN, six weeks ago, I came to St. Mungo, Evan Dundonnel, of Drumwhalloch—the Prince of Golfers and of good fellows—was my sole travelling companion. Drumwhalloch is a stalwart man; a mighty swimmer and deer-stalker; light-haired, and blue-eyed, and bare-legged—like Balder who sings in Walhalla—a regular Viking, I was going to add, but the *Saturday Reviler* (good pugilistic Mr. Bright, why are you yourself so thin-skinned?) has never been intimate with Vikings, and I would not grate the sensitive nerves of a critical fop for a kingdom. However, a Viking be it—but a Viking of this present evil world; who reads the daily papers; who swears by Robert Browning, and Mr. Jowett, and the Bishop of London; who is for relaxing the Articles, but wants a stringent code about poachers; who would rather like to see the Tories in office, but doesn't object to universal suffrage. He is apt to get loudly indignant on comparatively neutral subjects; but (in these days when nobody has any opinions left) one does not love him the less for that.

"Don't tell me," he exclaimed, addressing an imaginary antagonist, as the train glided round the beautiful estuary of the Ituna, and showed us, rising into the misty gold of the sunset, the venerable towers of St. Mungo,

"that Browning can't draw women, as this consummate ass, begotten in an evil hour, complains. Shakespeare excepted, Browning is perhaps the only English poet who has the art of making sweet women. Strongly marked features, the lights and shades of masculine passion, even when complex in structure and enigmatical in expression, may be transferred to the canvas with comparative facility; but the acute and reticent organization of girlhood is easily wounded, and demands a light hand and quickest sympathy." "Can't we touch these bubbles then, but they break?" Now Browning has learned this art—his touch, besides, being wonderfully refined, delicate, and incisive. Who can resist the helpless charm the wild-violet-like fragrance of poor Phene? What do you say to Colombe—

"Colombe our play-queen,
For whom, to furnish lilies for her hair,
We'd pour our veins forth to enrich the soil—"

surely a queenly girl, bright, strong, loving, and true—or to the little dainty duchess, who, though her eye be soft and dreamy in its blue depths, is yet as merry and piquant and saucy as Gainsborough's charming Mrs. Graham. Then there is Mildred Tresham—Mildred, whose childishness (for she is barely more than a child) is combined with the

maturity which sin—sin quickening, not obscuring her sense of maiden modesty—and pitiful remorse have imported into her life. The whole conception of Mildred, of her guilelessness and helplessness—

"I was so young—I loved him so—I had
No mother—God forgot me—and I fell ;"

and of her unresisting submission to what, in her startled innocence, she deems the inevitable retribution, is intensely and purely tragic—more so even than the light talk, the dismal gaiety, the heartlessness, and the broken-heartedness of the unhappy woman in *Pippa Passes*. By the immortal Gods ! what a fool the man must be."

"I don't know much about Browning's girls," I replied, in a dreamy tone of voice, for I had been getting fugitive glimpses of the sea and of the old towers growing black in the gathering darkness, and of rabbits hopping in the moonlight through the furze upon the links—the famous links—along which we were passing, and I had not listened very attentively to the argument with which I had been favoured ; "I don't know much about Browning's girls, but I know that the girls at St. Mungo are nicer and prettier than the girls anywhere else." On which Evan returned into his shell, and "swore at lairge" against railway officials and omnibus conductors, when, soon afterwards, the train set ourselves and our clubs down at the pretty rustic station.

I am sure that I shall not soon forget the scene which greeted me when I drew aside my bedroom curtain next morning and looked abroad. It was one of those summer mornings with which we used to be familiar at Interlachen or at Venice, but which have been rarely met with on this side of the Channel until the July of this year of grace 1863. I might write pages about it ; but an older pilgrim has described the scene in a few poetic words which cannot be imitated. He, standing on the rocky ledge and looking down—

"Beheld an ocean bay girt by green hills ;
And in a million wavelets tip with gold
Leapt the soft pulses of the sunlit sea."

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The forlorn sea—forlorn, yet keeping as bright and cheery and gracious a face as if it were not haunted by any wretched memories—as if it had no dismal secrets to hide. And lo ! among the white-edged breakers and upon the yellow sands, the sea-nymphs at their sport, the Sirens with dripping locks, and rosy lips and cheeks, and such soft and musical words and laughter as might wile away the wisest Ulysses of us all. It is impossible to resist the fresh breath of the morning ; so—arraying ourselves hastily in dressing-gown and slippers—we hurry to the easternmost headland, to which the sea comes up pure and blue, and where we have a hundred feet of water at our feet. Through the retreating waves we make way swiftly, the sea-mews dipping beside us, an occasional seal dropping from his perch in our wake, the herring-boats, with their wet nets and brown sails, passing us, one by one, as they return to the harbour, until we are right below the battlements of a ruined keep—like that which Black Agnes kept so well—

"Great Randolph's fearless daughter,
Lord March's dame is she :
Beside the ocean water
Her towers embattled be."

Then, after brief rest upon a desolate island crag, back once more to the shore from which we started—to the dressing-gown, to the stroll on the beach, to the dish of fresh-gathered strawberries, and the fresh eggs, and the fresh-caught salmon, and the fresh butter and cream, and the fragment of oatcake and fragrant honey or marmalade, which form the out-works of a Scottish breakfast. Much labour is there for mortals ere the day be done ; but surely rest is sweet, and, for half an hour at least, we may lie upon our oars, and, as the white smoke of the manilla escapes through the open window, watch that little comedy down yonder upon the sands. A slight thing in its way ; and, though not exactly novel, yet keeping a natural grace which makes it always pleasant to look upon. "We have known love ourselves in our sweet youth," and we bet you a real gold guinea of the reign of George the Third

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against Mr. Thackeray's bad half-crown of the reign of George the Fourth, that we guess precisely what is going on there. Isabel, in a breezy wide-awake, has perched herself upon a tangled rock, which the ebbing tide has left high and dry, and is scratching careless hieroglyphics on the wet sand at her feet with the point of her parasol; while Tomkins—Tomkins it is, but Tomkins transfigured and a hero—tries to gaze into those veiled and innocent eyes. Beware, Tomkins, beware, beware! Do you not know what a little wicked witch it is? A surprisingly novel feeling you experience about the thorax, you say. Why, man, it is as old as the day when Eve tempted our father. Such a light in those eyes, such a flush on that cheek, such gold in the hair, such constancy in the heart! Oh, you blissful idiot, do you not know that the trick has been discovered ever so long ago, and that love is not to "cast its glamour" over grown-up lads any longer? Listen, my friend, to the old Spanish ballad (if such it be, or not rather a scrap from the sorrowful loves of Catullus); and—if you will—get Isabel to read it to you in that low voice, "fed on love's moody food," which has wounded the hearts of so many heroes—

- "One eye of beauty, when the sun
Was on the waves of Guadalquivir,
To gold converting one by one
The ripples of the mighty river,
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl, with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated—
A wild, bright, wicked diamond pair.
- "She stoop'd, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the living sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
You would have sworn 'twas silver flowing;
Three words she wrote, and not one more:
What could Diana's motto be?
The siren wrote upon the shore—
'Death, not inconstancy!'
- "And then her two large languid eyes
So turn'd on mine, that, devil take me,
I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived
By such an eye, and such a hand:
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand."

Learn, if you like, "what song the

Sirens sang, or what name Achilles bore when he hid himself among women;" but expect not constancy from a coquette.

But it is time to start, for, ere we reach the Links, haunted by the golfers, we must give you a glimpse of this peerless little city. Not what it once was, indeed, yet still charmingly quaint, old-fashioned, and picturesque. Here, in "the unhappy, far-off times," not many hundred years after the death of our Lord, came a great Christian missionary, bearing with him (reverently, in a silver casket) "three of the fingers and three of the toes" of a yet great apostle. Here he founded a Christian Church, and converted to the true faith "that bloody, savage, and barbarous people the Pighths." Here a long line of saints and bishops, from Adrian to Arthur Ross, lived and died, and were buried in sumptuous tombs which those humble shepherds took care to build for themselves. Here, on a barren promontory, rose an exquisite shrine (300 years they took to raise it), whose burnished copper roof, when struck by the beams of the sun, was seen miles off by the hardy mariners of France and Flanders who ploughed the northern seas. Here grey friars and black friars grew fat and sleek upon the prudent piety of Scottish kings—here high-born and high-bred cardinals and legates kept princely state—here beautiful and subtle French Maries landed and feasted—here martyrs suffered, and their foes followed swiftly.

It could hardly happen that such a history could transact itself, even upon a storm-beaten headland, without leaving some trace behind it. The iconoclasts, indeed, were active and bitter enemies; "the proveist, the magistrates, and the commonalty," as the great reformer has it, "did agree to remove all monuments of idolatry, *quhilk also they did with expedition*;" but the idolaters had built with such a cunning hand, and with such strength of arm, that even to-day the fragments of their work remain—noble, massive towers, windows of exquisite design, sculptured gateways, ivy-grown walls, cloistered walks, a

bishop's sepulchre, fretted and chased and finished like a Genevese bracelet. As you walk through the picturesquely irregular streets, you are constantly reminded that a story is attached to each nook and cranny of the place. The life of the castle alone, what a chequered and startling romance it discloses! From its dungeons the son of a king was taken away that he might die in a royal palace a slower and secrete death. In its courtyard the martyrs were condemned—from its battlements they attained,

"Thro' the brief minute's fierce annoy,
To God's eternity of joy ;"

while, "on rich cushions laid for their ease," high-bred and politic prelates witnessed the translation. There simple and learned men came, "with a glad heart and mind," to give their lives for what they considered the true gospel of Christ. "Some have falsely spoken," said the most gifted of the brethren, as he stood upon the scaffold beside the sea, "that I should hold the opinion, 'that the souls of men departed sleep 'after their death until the last day ;' but I know and believe the contrary, 'and am assured that my soul shall be 'this night with my Saviour in heaven.' This said, he bowed his knees, and, 'having conceived a short, but most 'pithy prayer, he was led to the stake, 'and then cried aloud, 'O Saviour of 'the world, have mercy upon me ! 'Father in heaven, I commend my 'spirit into Thy holy hands !' The 'executioner having kindled the fire, 'the powder that was fastened to his 'body blew up. The captain of the 'castle, who stood near him, perceiving 'that he was yet alive, bade him be of 'good courage, and commend his soul 'to God. 'This flame,' said he, 'hath 'scorched my body, yet hath it not 'daunted my spirit ; but he who from 'yonder high place beholdeth us with 'such pride shall, within a few days, 'lie in the same spot as ignominiously 'as now he is seen proudly to rest him- 'self'"—a prevision which the Cardinal may, perhaps, have recalled when, a year afterwards, Norman Leslie dragged him from his bed.

How well men died in those times !—not the noble army of martyrs only—not the men only who, with wasted cheeks and hollow eyes, consumed by fiery zeal, felt, with the hermit, the support of an invisible presence,—

"There, where I stand in presence of my king,
There stand I, too, in presence of my God ;"

but mere men of the world even—merchants, lawyers, dissipated young nobles. They prided themselves, indeed, on doing it with perfect correctness and good breeding—their lace-ruffles stiff with starch ; their long locks elaborately curled ; and the neat little speech, with its not over-hackneyed quotation from Horace and Tacitus, to wind up with. Sir Thomas More set the fashion : it was kept up by all his successors during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. One of the last and most perfect specimens of an art that has died out, like the Greek encaustic or the Brummel tie, is the speech of the Lord Grey of Wilton, who was tried with Raleigh in 1603. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, these were his words : "I have nothing to say ;" there he paused long ; "and yet a word of Tacitus comes in my mind—*non eadem omnibus decora*: the house of the Wiltons have spent many lives in their prince's service, and Grey cannot beg his. God send the king a long and prosperous reign, and to your Lordships all honour !" Neat and curt as an epigram, and surviving as such to the present day, while more words have been spent vainly—a warning to Parliamentary orators. Yet, after all, the grave Montrose's is unique. "When doom was pronounced upon him, he lifted up his face, without any "word-speaking." Silently protesting, silently appealing, *he lifted up his face*.

But we must not linger longer among the tombs, for a bright and animated assemblage is gathered along the margin of the links, and the play is about to commence. The stalwart champions of the green have already "played a round." Twenty couples started two hours ago : eighteen of these have died like heroes,

and gone to Hades; Drumwhalloch and a single antagonist remain to contest the honours of the day. As they buckle on their armour for the decisive encounter, let us look about at our friends, and try to initiate South-country readers into the mysteries of a noble and ancient pastime.

The "ring" is a gay but somewhat motley one. There are members of "the Royal and Ancient," splendid in martial red: professional players, golf-makers, ball-makers, and *caddies*; and, on the terrace in front of the club, such a cluster of bright faces and bright dresses, that it is plain the reigning *belles* of St. Mungo are not unworthy of the *belles* who welcomed Mary of Guise. "But, when the queen came to her palace," the old chronicler observes, "and met with 'the king, she confessed unto him, that 'she never saw in France, nor in no 'other country, so many good faces in 'so little room, as she saw that day in 'Scotland: for, she said, it was shown 'to her in France, that Scotland was 'but a barbarous country, destitute and 'void of all good commodities that used 'to be in other countries; but now, she 'confessed, she saw the contrary, for she 'never saw so many fair personages of 'men, women, young babes, and children, as she saw that day.'" It would not be fair to betray the incognito of that throng of "sweet girl-graduates;" but you would never forgive me if I neglected to introduce you to this charming old lady—one of the finest specimens of the ancient Scottish gentlewoman. She is as neat, as natty, as daintily dressed (though the dress be made after another fashion), as her granddaughters; and her eyes, which have seen eighty summers, are nearly as bright as theirs, and disclose a fund of shrewd intelligence and sarcastic life. She belongs, in fact, to an earlier matronhood—a matronhood of vigorous actors and vigorous speakers—a matronhood which witnessed a good deal of hard living and hard drinking and hard swearing without being prudishly scandalized. I fear, indeed, that the good old soul is a bit of a heathen at heart. She feels, at least, and some-

times sharply expresses, an immense contempt for sons and grandsons (though she loves "the lads," too, in her way) who want to elevate the lower classes, and to teach them sobriety and continence—who do not swear like troopers, and who cannot take their claret like the men of her rosy youth. A relic of the old times, all the legends of that time cluster around her. She is the centrepiece of a host of stories, with which, it may be, she is, as matter of fact, entirely unconnected. Thus her directness of speech and somewhat easy morals are illustrated by her reply to an evangelical matron who, when recommending a cook, assured her that the servant in question was a very decent woman. "Oh, d—n her decency! Can she make good collops?"

It is well-nigh twenty years to-day, my friend, since you and I last stood together on the green; and during the interval time and death have been hard at work. The lads who were our school-fellows are scattered over the face of the earth—grave judges in India, wealthy Australian sheep-farmers, naval and military magnates at home and abroad—

"Some lie beneath the churchyard sod,
And some before the Speaker."

Indian mutinies and Crimean campaigns thinned our ranks sadly—not a few of the brightest and kindest of the set sleeping now outside the shattered walls of Delhi and Sebastopol. I am sure that not many of the survivors have read a touching passage in Mr. Kinglake's wonderful history unmoved, or without a very tender and wistful glance back into the past:—"Then a 'small childlike youth ran forward 'before the throng carrying a colour. 'This was young Anstruther. He 'carried the Queen's colour of the 'Royal Welsh. Fresh from the games 'of English school-life, he ran fast; 'for, heading all who strove to keep up 'with him, he gained the redoubt, and 'dug the butt end of the flagstaff into 'the parapet, and there for a moment 'he stood, holding it tight, and taking

"breath. Then he was shot dead, but "his small hand, still grasping the flag-staff, drew it down along with him, "and the crimson silk lay covering "the body with its folds: but only "for a moment, because William Evans, "a swift-footed soldier, ran forward, "gathered up the flag, and, raising it "proudly, made claim to the Great "Redoubt on behalf of the Royal "Welsh."

Ah! well—*dulce et decorum est*—they sleep well who, with their feet to the foe, die for England; but stalwart men remain, and many of them are present upon the green to-day. But the professionals have suffered a loss that cannot be repaired. One mighty golfer is gathered to his fathers. "Allan"—the hero of our boyhood—is dead. "Tom" is a famous player, and he merits his fame; but "Allan" had no peer, and he has no successor. Shall we, or our children, look upon his like again? ¹

That narrow strip of barren sand and bent stretching for nearly three miles along the sea-shore (only the other day it was *under* the sea, they say), and lying between the city and the estuary of the Ituna, forms the links, or downs, of St. Mungo. The *course* on which the game is played, and which runs from end to end of the downs, is covered

¹ Allan came of a golfing "house;"—his father having been a good player in his day. A poetical golfer has paid a tribute to father and son:—

"Great Davie Robertson, the eldest cad,
In whom the good was stronger than the bad,
He sleeps in death; and with him sleeps a
skill,
Which Davie, statesmanlike, could wield at
will.

Sound be his slumbers; yet, if he should wake
Where golf is played above, himself he'd shake
And look about and tell each young beginner,
'I'll gie half-ane—nae mair, as I'm a sinner.'
He leaves a son, and Allan is his name;
In golfing far beyond his father's fame;
Tho' in diplomacy, I shrewdly guess,
His skill's inferior, and his fame is less,"

though Allan was a bit of a diplomatist in his way, too.

"Golfiana." By George Fullerton Carnegie.
Blackwood, 1842.

with a peculiarly soft and scrubby grass, interspersed with whins, sand-holes, &c. These *bunkers*, as they are called, constitute the hazards of the game. The holes are eighteen in number, and are placed at favourable points at unequal distances along the green—the shortest "hole" being about one hundred, and the longest about four hundred yards. The golfing-ground is under the *surveillance* of the Society of Golfers, and is strictly protected. Some years ago, the Court of Session granted an interdict, at their instance, to prevent rabbits from burrowing on the green; but the mandate does not appear to have been respected by the parties against whom it was directed, as "rabbit-scrapes" are still the plague of the golfer. The links, in fact, have been frequently in the law-courts—more than once in the House of Lords. In the event of their again finding their way to that august assembly, Lord Westbury will, no doubt, avail himself of the opportunity to express again his courteous and ill-concealed admiration of the institutions of "Scotland."

The game of golf, the Scot will assure you, is as old as the Roman Empire. At all events, it has been, *par excellence*, the national game of Scotland for many hundred years. During the reign of James II. the Parliament, indeed, does not appear to have regarded it with favour. It had become so popular that it threatened to interfere with the practice of archery; and in 1457, an act "Anent Gowffing" was passed, by which the game was prohibited. The act is a short and pithy one, and as a specimen of the Scotch language and legislation of the period is very characteristic:—"Item, "It is decreet and ordained, that the "weapon schawings be halden be the "Lords and Barones Spiritual and "Temporal, four times in the year. "And that the Fute-ball and Golfo "be utterly cryed down, and not to be "used. And that the bow markes be "made, at ilk Parish Kirk a pair of "Buttes, and schutting be used. And "that ilk man schutte sex schottes at "the least, under the paine to be raised

"upon them that cummis not at the least; twa pennies to be given to them that cummis to the bowe-markes to drink. And this to be used fra *Pasche* till *Alhallow-mes* after. And as tuitching the fute-ball and the golfe, to be punished by the Baronis un-law, and gif he takis not the un-law, that it be taken be the Kingis Officiaries." But, like most sumptuary laws, the Act does not appear to have worked effectively. Not only did "the commonalty" continue to golf, but it became a favourite pastime with several of the Stewart kings. Charles I. was playing a match upon the links at Leith, when news was brought him that Ireland was in revolt. Since his days few eminent Scotchmen—lawyers, soldiers, or divines—have been unable to handle a club. The great President Forbes, of Culloden, was, in 1744, the Secretary of the "Honourable Company" of Edinburgh; "Jupiter Carlyle" was a mighty *swiper*; and Sir Hope Grant's achievements upon the green are worthy of the hero who, in the farthest east, has added a stirring chapter to the chronicles of Kilgraston. And we need not wonder at this association; for golf is a science which, simple as it appears to the tyro, demands a combination of qualities not always found together—a ready hand, a fine eye, a cool head, prudence, promptness, and *pluck*. The battle is not to the strong, and mere brute force is of little service on the green; for golf must be played "with brains;" and the first-rate golfer is generally the man who, if bred to arms, would make a dashing soldier, or, if bred to the law, a sound counsellor and judge. Luck, no doubt, enters into the play; but then luck, here as elsewhere in the world, commonly attends the man who knows how to make the most of it; or, as Tom Alexander used to say, in his shrewd way, "Luck's a lord, if it's weel guidet."

On Golf itself many treatises have been composed; and to these we must refer the neophyte who wishes an introduction to the finer and more recondite subtleties of the game. It is

played with clubs and balls, the object of the player being to "hole out" in the smallest possible number of strokes. A great variety of clubs are used, the particular club being determined by the character of the ground and the kind of stroke which requires to be played. When the ball is *teed*, or lies clear and fair on the turf, "the play-club" is the proper weapon. When the ground is heavy, or broken and ridgy, the "spoon"—long or short—comes into use. When the ball has to be taken out of sand or whins, an "iron" is the only club that can be safely depended upon. When the "swiping" is over, and the green where the hole is placed is gained, the player lays aside his longer clubs, and betakes himself to his "putter" or his "cleek." Some men excel in "swiping;" others in what is called "the short game" beside the hole—the "quarter-stroke," and the "put;" but the great player must be able to play both parts of the game with nicety—to drive with the play-club a stroke of 150 or 200 yards, and, on the green, to lay his ball "dead," or to "put" it into the hole with precision. A third-rate player cannot, probably, "hole" the round at St. Mungo in less than one hundred and ten strokes: Allan did it once in seventy-eight. It was not merely because he could drive a longer "teed" stroke than the other, but because he could better extricate himself from difficulties, because his quarter-strokes were played with greater exactness and judgment, because he could "put" his ball into the hole from a distance of six, eight, or ten feet, with instinctive certainty, that he was able to distance an indifferent performer by thirty or forty strokes.

And now Drumhalloch and "the Captain" are ready to start. The foes are not unequally matched. The chief, indeed—a magnificent specimen of humanity—is double the weight of the other; but every player on the green knows well that this slim and wiry soldier is a tough antagonist, and that, at present, he is in first-rate condition and first-rate play. They strike off—

Drumwhalloch's ball mounting high into the sky, and descending gracefully on a green bank, within fifty feet of the burn: the Captain's, not so lofty, but quite as far and sure, a low and raking shot, which whistles through the air like the bullet from a Whitworth rifle. I should like much to describe to you, with a little, perhaps, of what Mr. Kinglake calls "the fire of Homer's battles," the varying fortunes of the field: but the patience of the most Job-like editor is not inexhaustible; and, therefore, I can only allow "Ned"—the *caddie* who accompanies and carries the chief's clubs—to relate briefly, in his own style, the issue of the contest:—

"Weel, you see, sir, they turned a' even—neck and neck. The first hole hame was halved—Drumwhalloch holing a lang *put*. The Captain wan the neist and the neist—twa holes to the good, and sax to play—lang odds. But the Laird was cool and keen, and he pit the heather hole in his pocket—the Captain comin' to grief amang the stiff whuns on the brae. At the Hole Across

baith drove weel aff the *tee*, weel on to Elysium; but the Captain's second shot gaed slap into Hell—which settled *him*.¹ A' even again, and four to play—a teuch fight—the Captain as white as death, and the Laird verra douce, but no canny to come across. Weel, the fourth hole was halved—never seed it played better—but the neist finished the match—the Captain hookit his ba' into the Principal's Nose, and the Laird lay snug on the green at the *like*. After that the Captain never lookit up, and Drumwhalloch wan easy at the burn."

So Drumwhalloch returned radiant and triumphant, to be *feted* and medalled, and made much of by Isabel and the rest of the Naiads. And then, as the sun sank behind the hills, and the shade of the autumnal evening—

"Another kind of shade than when the night
Shuts the woodside with all its whispers up,"
gathered into the sky, and across the sea—we all went home, and—dined.

¹ "Hell" and the "Principal's Nose" are two notorious sand-bunkers: beyond Hell lie the Elysian fields.

ASSUERUS.

I SMOTE Him!—I! By that wide judgment-door,
Within the purple shadows of the Hall,
I cursed Him—the pale Christ! Then lifted He
The gracious and cool fringes of His eyes
At my hot breath; but never word He spake—
He was so thornless. By the judgment-door
I smote Him—I—on that calm breast! He stayed;
Then drew His pity round Him, as a robe
As white as all the lilies of the field
Had mantled Him; and kingly He went forth
Who was a king!

I smote Thee! Ah! Thou Christ,
I knew Thee not on earth, that Thou wert He
Whose face shall draw the streaming heavens behind,
And throng the skies for judgment. Thou hadst sheathed
The God in such a crust of mortal clay.
I strove with Thee, thou Breaker! Since that stroke,
Thy mountains through the ages melt away,
The plains lift up, the ancient cities fail,
And day by day I learn another speech;

And, where the sea hath laid her beating heart,
 And rocked, and cradled, she is known no more.
 She shrank through ages; and the ripening lands,
 That lay within their silver rivers bound,
 In silent morsels she hath swallowed all.
 Thy wedded life and death make all things new;
 But *this* that smote Thee shall not wither up;
 This tongue that cursed Thee holds its evil roots;
 These feet that bare me in Thy bleeding steps,
 And touched their crimson, they shall bear me on
 Through ages, ages, ages of this earth,
 To plead before Thee on the day of doom.

I standing by the cross, there dropped a cry
 "Forgive them, Father!" and the fiend in me
 Fell down at such a cry. I saw those lips
 Yet wrapped in pleading; and my heart dissolved
 With this one will, that I might touch His feet,
 Such heaven came floating on me at His cry.
 But in my heart rose up the bitter fiend;
 Ah! bitter, that his mocking was a sword!
 His laughters ran in all my bones like fire;
 And, strong in rage, I cursed the man who hung.

I stood by that red cross! He lifted up
 Those awful steeped brows; He cried aloud;
 Ah, mightily! He shook the heart of earth,
 The light of day, and brake it—shook my heart,
 And bowed it, brake it. And the mount grew quick;
 The cross swung slow, with anguish in the rock;
 And all things pained and muttered and sank down
 From day to darkness. Lo! He bowed His head;
 And wider grew His arms upon the cross
 With travail; and for woe His face was set
 As keen as lightning! From the cross I fled.

Here am I, from the shadow of the cave,
 And standing by the lonely, scorched palm.

Who spake! Who walks in this wide wilderness!
 Who calls me as a man? Nay, not a man;
 His creature, and the marvel of His wrath;
 A man, and no man. Call me not a man!
 Before His cross I laid my manhood down,
 And grew a scourging angel to myself,
 And drave me from the loving homes of men,
 To naked rocks, and blinding desert sands,
 The moaning wilderness, and piercing moons,
 And dropping, shivering nights. Nay, not a man!
 I stand within the lion's raging breath;
 He shrivels in his eyes till they are dark,
 And, softly-footed, slowly, blindly, shrinks.
 He knows me, and he fears me. Not a man!
 I leaped with madness from a giddy height;

The air grew strong against me, bare my limbs;
 I lit, and had no hurt. Nay, not a man!
 And low I beat my life with many strokes,
 And stole from it with famine. I crept down,
 And found a land of dim and rushing shades,
 And lower yet; and on that door of hope,
 Death's portal, my hands wandered, in a night
 That heard not, spake not, saw not. At that gate
 I could not enter in.

There is no rest.

Ah, trance of fire! the vision! How it comes!
 In this grey wilderness it breaks on me!
 The rocks take shapes of men; the dull earth cries—
 But nay, the multitudes! the multitudes!
 The sun is red as slaughter, and this mount;
 The multitudes are rolled in such a sea.

How? All this place is spread with solemn air,
 So keen, so fine, as it were angel's breath;
 And lo! Thy cross is rising in the dews,
 And drooping, leaning, from the lonely air,
 Wide arms of mercy. Willing bowed head,
 And fixed feet! Mute Pity, most pale Love!
 I bow, I bow the soul within this flesh
 Before Thy Vision! Hide Thy wounds from me;
 Oh, hide them, Christ! Thou knowest they have slept
 These ages in anointing balms of Heaven!

Is this a vision? Have the years gone back?
 Has earth gone back to bring that day again?
 And is it years, or hours, or ages, Christ,
 That Thou dost hang with all these weeping limbs
 Upon the Cross? For I am old and sere,
 So sere and scorched, and nothing like a man,
 Who stand within the shadow of Thy woe.
 But is it ages? for the Angels sang
 That Thou should'st pluck the ages of their sting,
 And lay Thine hand upon eternal joy,
 To clothe all creatures: Is it hours, oh Christ?
 They sang, An hour of God, when He should stoop,
 Should bring more fruit than all the groaning years!

Ah! mercy, Christ, and wash my sin away.
 Mine ages are with Thee a tale of hours;
 Mine hours, Thine ages; blot my sin away;
 Me, broken, marred with all these shocks of years,
 Wash with Thy crimson blood. I kneel to Thee;
 I see the prints of love within Thine hands,
 Ah! Christ, I see the way of love they clave,
 And found Thine heart! Ah, bid me enter in;
 Thou didst deny no nail, nor spear, nor thorn!

Ah me! the ghost hath left Him! Ah, His face!
 A silent storm of death hath striven there;
 His lips are white with coldest beating hails;

His eyes death-crushed ; the sorrows of His brow
 All washed, and marred, and mingled, and out-swept ;
 The still tide grows so deep. This is not Christ,
 But dull, cold, drowning death. It changes yet ;
 He lives, He lives ! lo, Christ, how art Thou wrapped !
 Thy neck, Thy limbs, in victor's crimson signs ;
 And all the cross is overflowed, out-swept
 In such a conquering flood ! I see His face ;
 A God's full joy is speechless on His lips !
 A God's full joy is spread below the thorns
 Upon His brow ! It fades—all dim, all gone ;
 And but His eyes. Ah, Christ, Thine awful eyes !
 Thine awful eyes ! Twin-shining stars I see :
 They gaze on my frail soul, and baffle it
 With floods of blinding light, that I am whirled
 A speck, a mote, upon a sea of light,
 And lost in brightness. Draw Thine eyes away !
 I cannot feel the earth beneath my feet,
 Nor breathe this rushing air !

It breaks ! It breaks !

It was a vision ! Lo ! these jagged rocks,
 Now dropped with setting sun-light ; not a breeze ;
 The blue hot sky ! No more is here, no more,
 But empty barren earth, and barren air.

J. MORESBY.

THE RUSSIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL MOVEMENT OF 1860-62.

BY A RUSSIAN PATRIOT.

THE present time is rather an unfavourable one for writing about Russia. The civilized world is not in a temper to sympathize with us. The atrocities related every morning by the newspapers, as having been committed by Russian soldiers and generals in Poland ; the ambiguous conduct of Russian diplomacy ; the old remembrances of serfdom—all these have very materially engendered a notion, as if Russia were some kind of Asiatic empire, strong only for purposes of destruction, and as if the Russian people had no other aspiration than external greatness, for which it was ready to pay by the sacrifice of its liberty and its human dignity. This belief, like nearly every other strong belief, is certainly not without some foundation ; but, happily for Russia, it does not represent the whole truth ; and the purpose of the present paper is to try

to show the bright side of the picture, of which England generally sees only the dark one—to show, in opposition to official Russia, with its atrocious external policy, with its stifling of every internal liberty, of all local life and independence, the new Russia, the party which can be fairly said to represent the best of national aspirations, the noblest part of its character. I will try to show the tendencies of this party, not in idle words and high-sounding political programmes, but in work—in earnest and hard work ; and I hope that the sympathy of every honest Englishman will be with us—that he will more leniently look on the errands of a deluded multitude, and abstain from any sweeping condemnation of a nation the future of which may yet be great and truly useful to humanity.

The Crimean war was undoubtedly a

period of renovation for Russia. How bright, how full of hopes and fresh energy that time appears to us now, when we look back to it! Where are those hopes, that glowing enthusiasm to which all difficulties appeared child's play? Cooled down in some distant exile; or, worse, turned to scepticism, by the failure of long-cherished plans! But let us speak of that time. The simple remembrance of it is refreshing and invigorating. The Government was humbled by the signal failure of the war, and in the meantime national pride was gratified by the heroic defence of Sebastopol. Naturally enough, society began to look on Government and the system of Nicholas as the cause of our defeats, and to compare the imbecility of superior command with the valour of the soldier and subaltern officer. The Crimean war was a practical illustration of the weakness of the Government and of the vital strength of the people. The Government itself instinctively felt this. For some years afterwards it dared not interpose its pseudo-activity in every department of human life. Only by degrees, as time effaced the impression produced by the Crimean struggle, did it again take to its traditional policy—improved this time by a careful study of a worthy teacher, the French Emperor, and his scientific system of administration. But, for some three or four years, the saying of Prince Gortschakoff, "*Le Gouvernement Russe se recueille*," was as true for the internal as for the external policy. Gloriously, like spring vegetation after a hard winter, did the social strength break out at that period. Grand industrial enterprises, railroads, renovation in literature, all came at once. Certainly, faults were committed. The want of experience, and a too great confidence in our young and yet untried forces, led, particularly in industrial life, to hazardous enterprises. Some failed; but who can boast of a beginning without such faults?

The question of popular education was one of the favourite topics of the time. It was a field on which nearly all was yet to be done. A great

number of young men, wearied of the eternal speeches about love for the lower classes, and the wish to sacrifice life and fortune for their sake, were eager to illustrate their theories by experiment. In this class of men there was an eager longing for actively helping the people, and showing by palpable facts that they earnestly meant what in the opinion of their opponents was considered to be mere phrases without meaning. The best part of the landed nobility concurred in this feeling. They wanted to make amends to their serfs for the misdeeds of their ancestors—to fill the chasm which separated them from their peasants. They hoped in time to modify the strong prejudice of the peasants against any one who differed from them in dress or habits of life—to bring them to look on the civilized classes as their protectors against the encroachments of bureaucracy. Under the influence of these feelings, Russian society determined to take into its own hands the education of the people. This was a question of vital importance. Till then, the great argument of Government for taking into its hands the management of every department of life, was the indolence, the frivolity of society, its incapacity for prolonged exertion. Society had to prove that this was not the case. In this special question of popular education it had to assert its capacity for practical work; and both sides understood very well the conclusions which were to be derived from the contest. The Government understood that society, having taken the guidance of popular education, and proved itself able to manage it, would be proved able to manage many things besides, and would claim independence in some form or other.

All the aspirations I speak of were embodied in a practical form in the Sunday-school movement. This was the field on which the battle between society and Government was fought.

The Sunday-school movement began in the summer of 1860. If I mistake not, the first example was given by

the University of Kiew ; but not more than a fortnight later the first Sunday-school was opened also in St. Petersburg. Here the honour of the beginning belongs to military men—staff-officers and engineers. The building used for the first school was a military barrack belonging to military telegraphists. The leaders of the movement asked the authorization of Government for opening a Sunday-school, and using for this purpose the Government building. Great was the perplexity of Government. To refuse was to take the odium of being opposed to one of the first efforts made to civilize the people ; and a Government which at that time had the pretension to be called liberal would not take such a decisive step. So, after some wavering, consent was reluctantly given, and the first school in St. Petersburg opened in the barracks of the telegraphists. But the consent reluctantly given was, for some time, again withdrawn. One Sunday the boys and teachers found the doors of the barracks, where they assembled, closed by superior command. The crowd stood for some time wavering before the doors, the poor boys quite puzzled to find their notions about the necessity of learning subverted in this manner. Happily, in the crowd of teachers stood the priest who had volunteered his services to teach religion—a noble-hearted man, devoted to the cause of popular education. Turning to the assembled school, he attributed to some misunderstanding the closing of the barrack ; and, taking the lead of the boys, he carried them away to his lodging, and there gave his customary lesson. The barrack was soon again opened to the school ; but this episode showed the position which Government had taken towards the new movement.

The example of the school in the barrack of the telegraphists soon found numerous followers. Schools began to spring up in every part of the town ; and six months had not passed after the beginning of the movement when St. Petersburg could boast of twenty-eight Sunday-schools. Generally the opening

of a Sunday-school took place in the following manner :—Private gentlemen, interested in the subject, formed a committee, collected money, and sent a deputation to the chief of some government-building suitable for the school, and not used during Sundays, asking leave to place the Sunday-school in it. Petersburg possesses seven gymnasiums, or schools preparatory to the university. The class-rooms of these gymnasiums, not used during Sunday, offered a ready place for the Sunday-schools, and to the directors of the gymnasiums the Sunday-schools applied. With the exception of one single pedantic director (a German), their request was received favourably. The German director I allude to refused, saying that the dirty street-boys assembled in the Sunday-school would spoil the floors of his class-rooms.

Some schools found room in barracks, some in military schools. Two were even opened by the student-officers of the staff and artillery academies. A few schools found room in private dwellings. The committee of the school which was opened in the suburbs of Schlüsselburg, the most industrial part of St. Petersburg, applied to the owners of a manufactory of the neighbourhood, for a place in which to establish the school ; and these gentlemen most generously collected money and took a separate house for the purpose.

The room in which to establish the school having been found, the managing committee bought the necessary books and school materials, and invited teachers. Teachers were easily found. The whole youth of the middle classes of St. Petersburg volunteered their services. Students of the university and of the school of law, with artillery, engineer, and staff officers, private gentlemen, and a great number of ladies, came forward, happy to be useful to their fellow-creatures. Only the court-aristocracy (there is no other in St. Petersburg) held aloof from the movement, too indolent to undertake the difficult duties of teachers, and too servile to countenance a movement which was viewed unfavourably in high quarters. These gave neither their money

nor their influence. They proved, as they always have done in Russia, useless or even worse. The same cannot in justice be said of the clergy. I do not speak of the higher orders of the hierarchy—these followed the example of the aristocracy; but some of the parish priests showed themselves in a very favourable light—which, it must be also said, was little expected from them. The Sunday-schools helped to discover many and many a true Christian priest, who devoted his labour to the teaching of the children, and whose influence was beneficially felt in the school committees. The ladies who undertook to teach in the schools also belonged to the middle classes—chiefly wives and daughters of scientific men, of officers, and of country squires spending the winter in St. Petersburg.

The number of teachers was more than sufficient, and some schools were even obliged to refuse offers. On the average every school had more than forty teachers, and the total number of them in St. Petersburg was more than 1,000. This great number of teachers allowed the use of a particular method of teaching, which cannot be used in common schools. A school of, let us say, 200 boys or girls had forty teachers, every one of whom took round him a group of five pupils. In some schools the teachers divided themselves according to the subjects taught—arithmetic, writing, and spelling, history, geography, &c.; and in that case the group of pupils was handed from one teacher to another, or rather one teacher after another came to it. But the teaching was always carried on in groups of from four to six pupils. In the greater number of schools one teacher took charge of one group and taught it all the different branches.

The subjects taught, and the methods used in teaching, were different in different schools. All questions of this kind were decided for every school by the teachers, assembled in meetings. The teachers became members of the committee which had created the school; and this committee elected a manager

and a secretary, who took charge of the whole business of the school; but all questions relating to different pedagogic methods, the selection of class-books, &c. were decided by meetings of the teachers, generally held in every school once a fortnight.

The teaching in the Sunday-schools embraced reading and writing, conducted together; arithmetic, taught as much as possible in examples taken from everyday life; a little geography; national history; and, in some schools, the rudiments of natural philosophy. Some schools were happy enough to find volunteer teachers of drawing; but those were exceptions. Religion was taught in all the schools by priests who had offered their services. In the six girls' schools the same subjects were taught, by ladies and gentlemen together, the latter undertaking generally the teaching of arithmetic and natural philosophy.

In the first period of the existence of the schools there was no community between them. Each formed a whole, quite independent of the rest. But, by degrees, a certain community sprang up. The municipality of St. Petersburg took a lively interest in the question, and delegated one of its secretaries to study it, and help the schools by grants of money and school materials. This secretary, a most able and honourable man, was the first link between the schools. Another means of union arose out of the creation of a Sunday-school fund at the establishment of one of the most important booksellers of St. Petersburg. This fund was raised by voluntary subscriptions. To help it, lectures were delivered, during the winter of 1860-61, by the most distinguished Russian writers; books were published, and private theatricals performed, for the same purpose. The funds derived from all these sources were very fairly divided among the schools. Another, and even more powerful, bond of union among the schools originated in one of the girls' schools, the committee of which invited delegates of all the other schools to take part in its meetings, and decide questions of common utility.

The Sunday-schools—as, I believe, is clear from this sketch—were not, like the English ones, purely religious schools. They had a far more secular character, and were rather destined to help the general education of the people in its various branches, including religion, than to keep exclusively to this last.

All the schools were crowded. Some, as the one in the suburb of Schlussemburg, had more than 500 pupils, mostly from the manufactories of the neighbourhoods. Generally, the schools had from 100 to 200 pupils. The twenty-eight schools of St. Petersburg had, in all, nearly 4,500 pupils. Generally, these belonged to the lowest classes of the town-population; children of servants, apprentices in different workshops, formed the majority. Grown-up peasants and workmen were intermingled with these; and one would frequently see, at the same table, boys of ten and full-grown peasants, working diligently at some problem of arithmetic. The girls were, for the greatest part, apprentices in the numerous dressmakers' shops of St. Petersburg. Daughters or servants of petty traders came also in great number; but generally the girls belonged to a class somewhat higher than the boys. In age they varied between ten and eighteen.

The attendance at the schools was pretty regular—at least in so far as it depended on the pupils. The girls particularly were not always allowed to attend, especially before the Christmas and the Easter holidays, when high life had to get new dresses and bonnets. At these times the poor girls had to work on Sundays as well as on week-days. Some of the dressmakers could only be induced by repeated entreaties from the members of the school-committees, and sometimes by the threat of publicity, to allow their apprentices to go to school. And yet the teaching took very little time. The schools were opened at eleven, after church service, and at two the secular teaching was finished, and one hour more was taken up by the priest. At three the pupils left the school. Except the Sundays, all the

great holidays of the Greek Church were used for school teaching. Christmas gave three days, Easter the same; so that the whole number of school days in the year was from seventy to eighty.

With only that limited time at their disposal, the Sunday-schools made a great advance. After one year's schooling a great number of pupils who at the beginning did not even know the letters of the alphabet were able to read fluently, to write, and use the four rules of arithmetic. The more advanced had got some knowledge of history, geography, and natural philosophy.

It was a general rule in all schools that the pupils should be treated with the greatest kindness. No punishment or compulsion was ever used. The pupils were free to come or absent themselves without any one asking the reason. In some schools, particularly with grown-up pupils, it was left to their own decision what they should study; and very often a man who was able to read and write came only to study drawing or arithmetic. The schools lent books to pupils who wished to read at home during the week, and the books were always carefully returned. It was a rule to address the pupils with "you," instead of "thou," the former locution being used in Russia between equals, and the last only towards inferiors. This friendly tone of the Sunday-schools was a great inducement for the pupils. It contrasted so agreeably with the coarseness of their every-day life—the teaching was so pleasant, so diversified, the relation on equal footing with civilized persons so attractive—that the schools were crowded. Friendship sprang up between pupils and teachers. One winter did much to destroy the prejudice created in the mind of the people by centuries.

Hitherto I have spoken only of St. Petersburg. But the same movement went on all over Russia. Moscow had twenty schools; the other great towns each four or five. There was no town which had not at least one school; and at the beginning of 1861, the total

number of Sunday-schools in all Russia, supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and with voluntary teachers, was certainly not less than 300, with 25,000 pupils, and nearly 4,000 teachers. The character of the movement was a little different in different towns. We have seen that in St. Petersburg the movement was exclusively supported by the middle-classes, and viewed rather with enmity by the aristocracy. In Moscow the corresponding middle-class is not so numerous, and, generally speaking, not so civilized as in St. Petersburg. The bulk of so-called Moscow society consists of absentee landlords, retired officials, &c.; it does not stand high either in energy for purposes of common welfare, or in true civilization. This was the reason that in Moscow, with few exceptions, the Sunday-schools were in the hands of the students of the university.

Let us return now to the Government. We have seen that from the beginning it was not well disposed towards the new movement. As the movement extended, the anxiety of the Government increased. Members of the imperial council denounced it as a gigantic conspiracy to overthrow imperial authority, to destroy religion, property, family, all ties of society. Rash sayings of young students, often purposely changed in meaning by the spies who had overheard them, were officially quoted as a proof of the dangerous character of the movement. But, side by side with those who foolishly denounced a conspiracy where there was and could be none, the teaching and meetings being quite public, there was among the counsellors of the Emperor a far more dangerous set. These understood the meaning of the contest; they saw the influence which the Sunday-schools began to give to the civilized classes, the sympathy growing stronger and stronger between the peasant-pupil and the teacher. They saw a danger for their system. They decided to fight against the first earnest striving of Russian society. The plan of those men was, on the one hand, to influence the Emperor against the Sunday-schools,

by representing them as revolutionary, dangerous, immoral; and, on the other hand, to try, by unnecessary interference with the school organization, to disgust society with the work so brilliantly begun, and drive it, perhaps, to some rash step.

The first step in this direction was taken in the winter of 1861, some months after the beginning of the movement. The Minister of Popular Education published a regulation for the Sunday-schools. By it every school was submitted to a Government inspector. The teaching of history, geography, and natural philosophy was prohibited. This regulation was calculated to create discontent among the teachers, and to disgust them with the work they had undertaken; and, indeed, in Moscow, and some other university-towns, where the Sunday-schools were chiefly directed by young students, the Minister of Popular Education realized his purpose. The young men were disgusted with this insolent intervention in their work of love; a great number of them left the schools; and only by the exertions of the older and more steady teachers were the schools continued in those towns. But in St. Petersburg the regulation had not the influence it was calculated to produce. The teachers—generally steady men—understood the aim of the Government, and preferred to do half the work they intended, rather than to leave it entirely undone. The entreaties of this section of the teachers prevailed; and the school movement not only continued, but even increased in St. Petersburg. In the spring, a great number of the teachers left town to go into the provinces and the neighbouring villages, as is the custom in Russia during the summer. But enough remained to continue the work; and those who had left the town tried to apply in the country their experience as teachers, to popularise their new methods, recommend new manuals, &c.

The year 1861-62 found the Sunday-schools strongly organized. The novelty was gone; but the schools were felt as one of the elements of town-life, a thing

which had vitality in it. During the winter a whole popular school-literature sprang up; and a society for facilitating the circulation of the new school-books, so as to bring them within reach of village-schools in the remotest provinces of the empire, was organized, and went actively to work. In St. Petersburg and Moscow reading-rooms for the people were opened, and were soon over-crowded by peasants, workmen, and small tradesmen.

We have to relate now the end of this movement, which many a Russian remembers with more pride than many a bloody battle bravely fought for other interests than the welfare of Russia.

The month of May, 1862, saw a great part of St. Petersburg in flames. The poorer parts of the town were consumed; terror was in every heart. As is always the case in such calamities, every party accused every other of atrocious acts. The Reactionary party accused the Liberals—the “reds,” as they were called; the people accused the Poles. At the first moment, when the flames broke out, the Government was terrified. It expected an outburst of popular discontent; but, when it saw the people and society even more terrified than it was itself—when the Emperor found himself surrounded by devoted multitudes which looked at him as their saviour in this terrible crisis—the Government took heart. It decided to improve the opportunity, and destroy with one blow the growing influence of the Liberal party. The Government took on itself the dreadful responsibility of officially accusing the Liberals of having ordered the fire with the hope of bringing the people to a revolution. At another time such an accusation brought against honourable men would have found no belief, but in the excitement of the moment the people could not be expected to reason calmly. All the influence produced on

the popular mind by the Sunday-schools was lost, at least for the time. The people clamoured for blood, for the execution of the criminals. It was enraged at the pretended weakness of the authorities. But there was no one to be punished; and, till the present time, not the slightest fact has been found to support an accusation which, at the time, might have led to a general massacre of all the educated Russians.

The Sunday-schools were not forgotten in this proscription of the Liberal party. When the popular feelings were sufficiently excited, a circular of the Government put an end to the existence of the Sunday-schools, and the popular reading-rooms, sweeping away with one stroke of the pen 300 schools, with nearly 25,000 pupils, and some twenty popular reading-rooms, and thus destroying in one minute the hard work of two years.

This, I trust, is a fair description of the first trial of Russian society to do practical work. I believe that no impartial judge will say that it had failed in the work; and the violent end put to the existence of the Sunday-schools is certainly no argument against them. My purpose has been to show to the English public, by this episode of our history, a Russia which is totally different from the official Russia—a Russia whose ideal is not in physical force, but in civilization; a Russia which, though a small minority, though persecuted by the Government, never loses heart, and which at the present moment is certainly beginning anew the work of civilization and liberation, not to be stopped till success crowns its persevering efforts. My aim has been to bring the English public to distinguish between these two Russias, and to sympathize with the one as much as it hates the other. I shall be happy if I have done even a little towards realizing my purpose.